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AutoLine o' Type

By
Elsbery W. Reynolds

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Auto Line o'Type

JAMES G. HURST

**These lines written by the Studebaker "ad" writer,
Will make the burdens of your life seem lighter.
Well you may think it is very, very funny,
He writes them for pleasure and not for the money.**

JAMES G. HURST

Auto Line o'Type

By
ELSBERY W. REYNOLDS

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With Introduction
By
Frank Kennicott Reilly

James G. Hurst
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The Book Supply Company
Publishers, Chicago
1924

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Printed in the United States of America

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Dedicated to
The Automobile Industry
of America

IN appreciation of the interesting time the some twenty odd dealers of our city have given me the past eighteen months, out of which, much good has resulted in a better community service, and a higher respectful appreciation, generally, of the industry's rightful place in the country's march of progress.

Elsbery W. Reynolds

Pomona, California.

March 15, 1924.

With Our Good Wishes

These selections, in this book,
Dropped from our brain when it we shook;
One each day went in our "ad",
Some called them good and others bad;
But each day of the calen-dar
They sold a Studebaker car;
Often two or three or four,
Now and then sold even more.
We've made them in this book to strew
Far and near; this one to you.
Read it through, you may, with thought,
And with pleasure as you ought;
You may read it not at all
And let it from your fingers fall.

Preface

THE inspiration for the making of this book finds expression in these thoughts from a speech by Elsbury W. Reynolds to automobile dealers of the Southwest:

"Business! What is business? The buying and selling of merchandise in some form or other, the greatest, the most interesting occupation in all the world. The most wicked and merciless power for destruction, the most gigantic in its resources for success. * * * What is success in business? Is it merely the making of money? We say 'no' a thousand times. Is the man who makes the most money the most successful business man? Not necessarily so. If he makes the most money in addition to the highest attainment in other things that make for success, well and good. * * * In desiring to take place in our local community business life in the automobile industry, we laid down for ourselves two alternatives—Studebaker or stay out. Our conception of business is that of a ministry, and had we not already known the policies, ideals and business standards of The Studebaker Corporation, long since traditional, we should have sought other channels in business rather than the automobile industry, for service. That word 'service' is the keynote in business and the ministry of business. Without that you have no excuse for a business existence. Wretched is the man to whom business is a bread and butter proposition, only. * * * As said before, we know nothing of automobiles, but out of life's school of hard experience we have learned some of the cardinal principles of business which we doubt not will apply to automobiles as to other lines. We have learned the value of ideals, right policies and high standards, and have come to understand more fully the brotherhood of man. As the years roll on, our faith in human nature holds fast and takes unto itself the increase * * * If we can leave with that group of half a hundred gathered about us strong purposes for high ideals, social and business life standards of the highest order and policies, founded on pure motives, for service to our fellows, in other words, leave with them a full understanding of ministry in business, our contribution to the automobile industry, though it be small, will not have been in vain."

Introductory

ELSBERY W. REYNOLDS has been my friend for nearly thirty years. In that time I have come to know his resolute, enduring devotion to any cause to which he turns his purposeful mind. Every real publisher of books recognizes a debt to Mr. Reynolds for his achievement in making book-readers of millions of American citizens, who were strangers to books when he began his unique exploitation of an unheralded writer, whose name and works he made familiar the country over.

Mr. Reynolds was born on a Missouri farm in 1868. He received the education and had the farm experience of the average country boy. Then followed some schooling in the nearby town. Early in life he heard the call of the city and in 1890 he came to Chicago. After desultory employment in various capacities, Mr. Reynolds founded, in 1895, The Book Supply Company. For more than a quarter of a century he has successfully directed its policies, maintained its high standards and ideals, and he remains its President.

While The Book Supply Company does an enormous business throughout the country, Mr. Reynolds is best known as the publisher of the novels of Harold Bell Wright.

It was in the winter of 1901-2, while Mr. Wright was preaching at a revival meeting in Chicago, that Mr. Reynolds first met the young minister who was later to become the world's best known novelist. The acquaintance grew into what many newspaper writers have termed "a David and Jonathan friendship." Mr. Wright's dedication of one of his books (1910) was as follows: "To Mr. Elsbery W. Reynolds, my publisher and friend, whose belief in my work has made my work possible, I gratefully dedicate this tale."

In the publishing of the books of his friend Elsbery Reynolds disclosed a marvelous genius for advertising, an almost unlimited capacity for hard work, tremendous energy, dauntless courage, dogged persistency and a clairvoyant vision—combined with absolute faith in the writing ability of Harold Bell Wright. The result was the sale of more than eight million copies of Mr. Wright's books—from "That Printer of Udell's" (1903) to "The Re-Creation of Brian Kent" (1919). This enormous sale was unprecedented in the history of publishing and has not since been equaled.

Mr. Reynolds' advertising campaigns upset all traditions and electrified the book world. He believed with all his heart and soul in his author and his work; he conceived that his author's work and his own was a real service to humanity. These beliefs he was able to put into convincing advertising copy—every line of which he himself wrote—and he “sold” Harold Bell Wright to the book readers of the world.

He keeps these publishing years bright in memory but with a tinge of sadness that some queer turn of fate denied him further service in this chosen field. Chiefest among his treasures are the author's original manuscripts of each of the several books on which manuscripts the publisher labored many hours in editing and correcting.

Elsbery W. Reynolds is a man who seeks and will not be denied channels of service. He makes his business and work a ministry; the impelling impulse, service. Hence this present volume, with its message of hope and faith and courage. His health impaired from overexertion, Mr. Reynolds sought the semi-tropical climate of Southern California. There he has interested himself with a group of red-blooded, upstanding, young men in the distribution of Studebaker automobiles, and his influence through Elsbery Reynolds, Jr., Inc., Pomona, California, is of tremendous value in raising this branch of the automobile industry in Southern California to higher standards and ideals.

The Corporation's buildings and plant, in sturdy stability and character, reflect this man. The publisher-automobile dealer, writing the corporation's daily advertising, devotes a goodly portion of his space to prose editorials or verse, from which the contents of this volume are selected, representative, in some measure, of his doctrine of service and understanding of the brotherhood of man.

Chicago, May, 1924.

Frank Kennicott Reilly.

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Auto Line o'Type

The Mountains

When we view the mountains all around,
From their vast stillness not a sound,
They seem just like some silent friend
On whom we safely can depend.

They rise to proud and lofty height,
Forbidding and dark are they at night.
Their summits kiss the heavens high,
They ever remind us God is nigh.

If the mountains were never stationed there,
We would not have the purified air,
Nor would flowing rivers be sustained,
If in the mountains it never rained.

On mountain height both east and west,
For every living mortal there is rest.
We view the peaks in contemplation
Of God's great plan for all creation.

The clouds in glory round them spread,
The sun in grandeur settles on their head.
Winter stays to chill the month of May,
The lightning fondly choose them for their play.

The mountains grim forever stand,
While men will roam about the land.
Men are fond of other men to greet,
Mountains never have been known to meet.

Of the peaks around both high and low,
The one we favor most is San Antonio.
We like to go up there whene'er we can,
It's easy in a Studebaker Six Sedan.

—The Car with Character,

Kisses by the Roadside

'Twas out on Garey north of town,
They had their auto curtains down,
Spoonng there without a light,
At ten o'clock the other night.

We saw them by our headlight's glare,
Through their windshield sitting there,
Oblivious to the world around,
They kissed and made but little sound.

'Twas loves young dream possessed the two,
The thing that once got hold of you,
We smiled, we did not have the heart
To cause the two to pull apart.

In the shadows of the trees above,
Their kisses told us of their love,
No bliss to either one was missing,
They put it all into their kissing.

The fragrancy of flowers of spring,
While she to him did tightly cling,
Came to us from the little Miss,
Each time her lips he gave a kiss.

Their kisses did not sound so loud,
As thunder from the stormy cloud,
But the echoes will much longer last,
From those he planted hard and fast.

"I rest content, I kiss your eyes,"
He said, "How fast the evening flies!
I kiss your hair in my delight,
I'd like to kiss you all the night."

You wonder how it was our fate,
To hear so much that night so late.
You can easy do such little tricks,
With the Silent Studebaker Six.

—The Car with Character.

The New Birth

Down in the oozing muck of earth,
A thing of beauty is given its birth.
We know not Nature's reason why,
There, comes to life the dragon-fly.

In time it starts with slowest speed,
For the brighter world by strength of reed.
In the warmth and brightness of the sun,
The rest of Nature's work is done.

With body long and enormous eyes,
And head so big for its tiny size,
It spreads its finely fibred wings,
With joy it takes its flight and sings.

Born anew in the world of light,
To never know again the night,
With loved ones in the muck below,
It has no way to let them know.

To the mortal world of the dragon-fly,
To those of kith and kindred tie,
There is not a way to once return,
Or yet by which those left may learn.

This higher world of the beautiful things,
With boundless space for his glittering wings,
He would tell to the loved ones left behind,
That each for himself can only find.

If God is mindful of the dragon-fly,
He must be, too, for you and I.
To eternal day from worldly strife,
Our reed is Christ, the way of life.

Loved ones who have gone before,
Like the dragon-fly but hover o'er.
Be true to yourself and to your Maker,
And make your choice for a Studebaker.

—The Car with Character.

Our California

We wrote to a friend back east one day,
And told him all we thought to say.
We filled a dozen pages or more,
Of the glories of this far western shore.

He said, when he answered in reply,
"I thought that heaven was up on high.
From what you say of your state so fair,
I think that heaven must be out there."

"If your highways all are paved so grand,
And stars so bright o'er all the land,
The mountain streams beyond compare,
Then surely heaven must be out there."

"I thought that heaven was free from toil,
But your letter says you till the soil.
Yet, if you have such wonderful air,
Where is heaven if not out there?"

"The rising sun you say is fine,
And the early morning like red wine.
To be sure," he said, "I must declare,
From what you write me heaven is there."

"Have you received your starry crown?"
He said, "Your cross, have you laid down,
Do all the angels have blonde hair,
In this heaven you write me of out there?"

"You say it's filled with those who play,
And more are coming every day,
Yet, there is always room to spare.
Please tell me more of heaven out there."

We wrote him, "We can tell no more,
But when you reach this western shore,
Studebakers you'll see them everywhere."
Then, he said, "Heaven is there."

—*The Car with Character.*

Keep Your Feet on the Ground

In song and story it has been told,
Of a man whose heart is purest gold.
His fame the world it would go round,
By keeping his feet upon the ground.

Struggles in life were his early lot,
Material wealth he knew it not.
The school of experience taught him sound,
To keep his feet upon the ground.

He lived to himself in the world of sin,
Till he heard the Voice as it called to him.
Take up the cross you now have found,
And keep your feet upon the ground.

Another man of him it made,
He started upon a brave crusade.
His pen and voice they did resound,
While keeping his feet upon the ground.

The passion seized and held him fast,
To turn men from their sinful past.
Success was his from all around,
While keeping his feet upon the ground.

To all he was so very grand,
Plaudits he got from all the land.
Letters reached him by the pound,
They took his feet from off the ground.

We hope the day again will come,
Before his earthly race is run,
That he will gain again renown,
And keep his feet upon the ground.

'Tis true that men alive and dead,
Success has often turned their head.
But Studebaker has been found,
To keep its wheels upon the ground.

—*The Car with Character*,

Christmas Day

Unto the world was born this day,
The One who taught men how to pray.
In the city of David the Savior came,
Known to all as Jesus by name.

You should honor Christmas in your heart,
Try all the year to do your part,
The song you'll sing most often then,
Is peace on earth, good will to men.

While Christmas comes but once a year,
It fills all other days with cheer,
It awakens joy in all mankind,
And helps more inward peace to find.

All nations have their special days,
They celebrate in their various ways,
But the birthday of the Prince of Peace,
Is kept by all unto the least.

Glory to God in the highest sing,
On this, the birthday of our King.
Let toil and strife and envy cease,
Observe the day in perfect peace.

Get out your trusty carving knife,
For the turkey that gave you his life.
We trust one smokes on every board,
Yours as big as you can afford.

Songs of joy this day of His birth,
We sing for Christ the Lord of earth,
While children round us with their toys,
Add blessings to our earthly joys.

Hang your stockings with greatest care,
On chimney or bed or most anywhere.
St. Nicholas by his yearly plan
Is everywhere in a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Dorothy Jane

She is just a little girl named Dorothy Jane,
Who never does allow her spirits to wane.
When children do not come around her to play,
She amuses herself throughout the whole day.

You wonder, no doubt, how she spends all her time,
Or what, when alone, to amuse she can find.
Imagination we knew when we were a child,
She works to the limit her time to beguile.

"Come in Mrs. Jones," she says in her play,
"Now don't you think this is a mighty fine day?
Come right over here and take this easy seat,
My! your new hat looks pretty and neat."

"How are your children now doing in school?
The rooms don't you think are a little bit cool?
Yes, mine are all getting along very well,
Marie! will you kindly go answer the bell?"

"Have this cup of tea my dear Mrs. Jones,
Yes, highly preferred for serving in homes.
Sugar! yes, thank you! just one if you please,
Excuse me! how awful! I just had to sneeze."

"Don't hurry my dear it's not getting late,
Thank you, I must, my car's at the gate.
I am pleased that you called my dear Mrs. Jones."
That's Dorothy Jane when she plays all alone.

Could you, our dear friend, with nothing to do,
Keep up your good spirits with just only you?
We fear with the years while growing more wise,
Some things we need most within us soon dies.

'Tis well to say that when we were a child,
We played as a child with thoughts running wild.
But now our business we are trying to make her,
Our play by selling the Six Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Who Lies?

Somebody said it can't be done,
Salaries to all and commissions none.
We smiled till tears were in our eyes,
For can't is a word we do despise.
We have done the thing that couldn't be done.

Somebody scoffed it can't be done,
Seven per cent to every last one.
No compound rate or broker's fee,
Will send you sure into bankruptcy.
We have done the thing that couldn't be done.

Somebody sneered it can't be done,
Carry your paper for each mother's son.
You can't collect, your loss run high,
Let broker and banker cut the pie.
We have done the thing that couldn't be done.

Somebody croaked it can't be done,
Service by night without the sun.
Expenses great will bring you ruin,
We heard them not with all their wooin'.
We have done the thing that couldn't be done.

Somebody mocked it can't be done,
Back with you name the cars that 'ave run.
Your profits will in them surely go,
The public be d——d so take them low.
We have done the thing that couldn't be done.

Somebody gibed it can't be done,
This thing and that and the other one.
So we took off our coat and defied the whole ring,
And we started to sing as we tackled the thing.
We have done the thing that couldn't be done.

Some people live neath clouds of dread
And never see a single star.
Happier, they would be, if dead
And riding in a Studebaker Car.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Old Homestead

Nothing can make our heart so warm,
As visions of where we first were born,
As the memory of that first Christmas tree,
Where the old homestead used to be.

The smile and song and the merry laughter,
That rang from the cellar clear to the rafter,
Each loved one's face we yet can see,
Where the old homestead used to be.

The fires were burning the coals were glowing,
From all of our hearts affection was flowing,
In honor of Him was our Christmas tree,
Where the old homestead used to be.

Pictures of those long passed away,
Hung on the walls and watched our play,
They shared with us in all our glee,
Where the old homestead used to be.

Those hearts of the long ago we treasure,
In the memory with unstinted measure,
All gathered around that Christmas tree,
Where the old homestead used to be.

The beauty that gathered in that dominion,
Was though it had dropped from angel pinion,
For the birth of Him who made us free,
Where the old homestead used to be.

The place to us was one of splendor,
And cherished yet in our memory tender,
And the glory of that first Christmas tree,
Where the old homestead used to be.

Some day again we will see the place,
And, too, in our memory each one's face,
In a Six Studebaker so easy and free,
Where the old homestead used to be.

—The Car with Character,

Clean and Unclean Dirt

We like to meet the man with smiles,
With funds of humor he beguiles.
But we would shun the story nut
Whose stories all are full of smut.

Your greeting with the friend you meet,
Will have impressions he will keep.
To help him from his daily rut,
Keep free your mind from story smut.

You meet a stranger big and grand,
As any man throughout the land.
Your heart it sinks, your mouth is shut
When he begins a tale of smut.

Around the festive board you sit,
With friends you feel are surely fit.
But one, you would be glad to cut
When he turns his talk to smut.

We like a story with the fun,
That makes you laugh when it is done.
But humor never yet did strut
In robes of dirty, filthy, smut.

We should always guard with care,
Our words that we with others share,
And not allow our minds to glut
With dirty thoughts of story smut.

With hands of dirt, to feel, is mean,
But soap and water make them clean.
Now since the days of old King Tut
No heart was ever cleansed of smut.

Your heart will ere of smut be free,
If smut you never let it see.
It's easy when you ride with smiles
In Studebaker o'er the miles.

—*The Car with Character.*

Mother's Lost Pocket-Book

When mother lost her pocket-book
She with excitement fairly shook.
She raced upstairs and down again,
And then she started raising Cain.

The family joined her in the search,
We would not leave her in the lurch.
We looked in every nook and crook
When mother lost her pocket-book.

When mother lost her pocket-book
We tore up every bed to look.
We moved aside the mantel-clock,
And hunted all around the block.

We peered in every little hole,
And then we moved a ton of coal.
Next we searched the colored cook
When mother lost her pocket-book.

When mother lost her pocket-book
We even searched along the brook.
Examined every little perch,
And where she always sat in church.

We shook and dusted every rug,
In every closet then we dug.
The pictures from the wall we took
When mother lost her pocket-book.

When mother lost her pocket-book
She acted like a friend forsook.
She wandered in and out the house,
She took no comfort from her spouse.

"We'll give it up," at last she cried,
"Let's all go take an auto ride."
In Studebaker on a hook
We found dear mother's pocket-book.

—*The Car with Character.*

New Year's Resolutions

On this New Year's day of '24,
We'll do the same as we've done before;
We'll make some resolutions fine,
E'en though we break them all in time.

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to love and be a frost.
So resolutions made and broken,
Of good intensions are a token.

Each New Year's day is another grant,
To again renew the old covenant.
The old year now is dead and gone,
We begin the new with shout and song.

Whatever the past year may have been,
Our deeds will all be judged by Him.
We now resolve to make the new,
A living issue to Him and you.

We resolve to make it happy and bright,
Throughout each day and, too, at night.
We'll try to improve our disposition,
For our mistakes have more contrition.

We'll carry our cares with more of ease,
We'll harder try each one to please,
We'll open our heart for the sun to shine,
Throughout the year we'll just keep tryin'.

We know not what the year will bring
Of joy or peace or sorrowing,
But we resolve as days and weeks go by,
For a worthier course of life to try.

New duties and conflicts and new trials,
We'll have and try to meet with smiles.
New opportunities will, too, come around
To make Pomona a Studebaker town.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Play's the Thing

This life is a play and the world is a stage,
And each human heart in a part is engaged.
If all men should think and act the same way,
Then life would, indeed, be a very poor play.

'Tis the law of creation by all of us known,
That each one must live a life of his own.
We then should be slow to judge of another,
As every man is created our brother.

God made the owl in darkness to see,
Our sight in darkness is dim as can be.
The light that guides you may shine very bright,
But to a good brother be dark as the night.

Do not make yours a narrow mean soul,
But think of a brother, help him to a goal.
You may believe your creed to be true,
But ask not another to think as you do.

Long ages ago the intolerant brother,
Forced by torture his creed on another.
Not mindful that all of created mankind,
Is variously fashioned and each with a mind.

Our mission the greatest on this old earth,
Should be instilled in us up from our birth,
To drive out the evil where'er it is found,
And cultivate good and help it abound.

There is only one God for the world of men,
Do not another be quick to condemn.
If His voice to another makes a different call,
Remember there's room in the world for all.

Let us not claim for ourselves all the right,
Nor demand another shall see with our sight.
Let all in the play take each his own part,
Some drive a Studebaker and others a cart.

—The Car with Character.

Death

In the whole course of our observation,
Nothing that meets with misrepresentation,
Nothing so much that is roundly abused,
That has without number the human confused.

We measure it not by its length or its breadth,
This personage known to all as Death.
To some he's an evil but without an end,
Yet, their evils are over when he does descend.

He is styled by some as the King of terrors,
Others acclaim he is one of life's errors.
He is also known as the terror of Kings,
Yet, he has given to some of them heavenly wings.

Vilified, reviled, as the cause of anguish,
Making great numbers to pine and languish,
No cause has Death with these for strife,
In truth they only pertain to life.

It may seem weird and strange to you,
This paradox that is all too true.
We love and cling to the malady,
We abhor and loathe the remedy.

Poets and writers and painters, too,
Have tried in ways to portray to you,
Death as the enemy straight from hades,
The prince of phantoms, the prince of shades.

Death takes us from this world fraternal,
Death gives us that which is eternal.
He but destroys that which is transient,
To establish us in heavenly mansions.

The fears, the terrors and the misgivings,
Are not of the dead, but of the living.
Beware and be not a sabbath-breaker,
It's better to drive a Stude-baker.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Daily News

One thing to us has long been clear,
Yet we declare the thing is queer.
You can get your name in the daily papers,
By cutting some funny or curious capers.

Let a man live upright and be true,
And reporters will seek no interview.
The papers with care we daily peruse,
His name we never can find in the news.

A man can kiss his wife on the street,
But that is no news for a daily sheet.
Let him some maiden just dare to embrace,
You'll see in the papers a cut of his face.

The teller in any good bank of exchange,
Is never heard of outside of his range.
Let him but grab the cash and skip out,
His name the papers will start to shout.

Let a man die peacefully in his bed,
And in the papers but little is said.
But let a man from the gallows but swing,
The papers will make of it news that ring.

Let a preacher work hard in accomplishing good,
He never gets credit as much as he should.
His calling forget and wander astray,
It's news the papers will print right away.

In papers today we find it is rare,
That a heading is not to throw a big scare.
We scan all the news, for the good we look,
But stories we read wind up with a crook.

The news that we print from day unto day,
Is worth all the price we now have to pay.
Just read the two of Pomona's good papers,
For all of the news of Six Studebakers.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Friendly Assessor

The county assessor will soon make a start,
To value your worth the first day of March,
When valued possessions we cannot but think,
Will more than likely with everyone shrink.

The farmer who often has been heard to say,
His horses and cattle were fine and did pay,
Will tell the assessor his horses are old,
His cattle are poor, the best have been sold.

Before March the first he often has said,
His hogs are the best that ever were bred,
But when the assessor calls on him he jokes,
That he has no hogs but measly old shoats.

The citrus fruit grower has finest of trees,
And they have not once been hit by a freeze,
But when the assessor looks over his groves,
The raising of fruit is nothing but woes.

The owner of lots around over town,
To prospective buyers no better are found,
But when the assessor asks their valuation,
The vacant lot holder cries overtaxation.

The lender of money at high earning rate,
Has only good paper and right up to date,
But to the assessor he says on March first,
The notes he now has are only the worst.

The merchant will advertise only new goods,
The grocer will tell you he carries fresh foods,
But when the assessor on each of them calls,
Their stocks have been carried through several falls.

When autos are offered for a new one to trade,
No one has yet seen a better one made,
But when the assessor says fill out this paper,
You can not fool him on a Six Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character,*

The Country Schoolhouse

The house where first we went to school,
Stood near a large and shaded pool.
Two roads crossed as they ran each way,
Homes few and scattered in that day.

A forest of trees laid at our back,
In the distance a meadow, an old haystack.
The hills beyond that rose to our view,
Never seemed old but were always new.

The picture now is in memory's hall,
And we keep it bright as we often recall
The cheerful days of the winter and storm,
When hopeful young hearts would make it warm.

Our memory has kept the sport of our plays,
In which we gloried in the summer days.
For the master, too, we have kept a place,
That time itself will not efface.

His touch on every mind and heart,
With skill, he left in that temple of art,
Through the years of life we will ever remember,
With feelings gracious, sweet and tender.

Our seats were only old-fashioned benches,
We were often tired with aches and wrenches,
But we dreamed of manhood's full estate,
Beguiling moments with pencil and slate.

The treasures now linger of that early time,
To bless us today in life's busy prime.
For the old country school but twenty feet square,
The warmth in our heart will ever be there.

Away in the charm of the years of distance,
The old schoolhouse stands with more insistence,
Where two roads crossed as on they ran,
Before the days of the Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Hymn of Praise

Praise God from whom your blessings flow,
All creatures high and creatures low.
Lift up your voices to the skies,
Look up and fix on Him your eyes.

Your faith put in His staff and rod,
And keep your hold upon your God.
He will lead you all the way,
Sound his praises day by day.

Forsake Him not when sun does shine,
You need Him then as all the time.
When life is troubled, the tighter cling,
And on your way His praises sing.

No other friend your soul will feed,
Like God who fills your every need.
He'll lead you through still waters dark,
If you His voice will only hark.

Your faith in God and things divine,
Eternal life and endless time,
Will give you comfort, peace and joy,
No petty things will you annoy.

Man for the harvest sows the seed,
God gives the increase man to feed.
If God withheld the sun and rain,
The seed we sow would grow no grain.

Give praise to God both day and night,
Live in his ways with all your might.
And when your race is run on earth,
In Him you'll find a heavenly birth.

He who serves Him always best,
Is he who serves well all the rest.
There's devious ways to serve your Maker,
Ours is selling the Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Few Are Chosen

Young man if you are living in doubt
That the world has a place for you,
There are some things you should find out,
You then will be one of the few.

There are millions of money all over the land
Ready to back your future when proven.
If you've treasures of mind and heart and hand,
You are the one they will be choosin'.

Your purpose in life make it strong and true,
While the world for you is waiting.
Strive for the truth and bring it to view,
For honesty make your rating.

While treasures of mountain and sea and plain,
Is waiting for knowledge and manhood skill,
Ignorance and indolence wishes in vain,
For you they are waiting to say, "I Will."

The world has more and more to offer today,
Opportunity beckons on every hand.
Harness the storms and lightning at play,
Be one of the few who can.

Buck up to your job with nerve and "do,"
There's plenty of failures to take rebuff.
Both wisdom and knowledge will come to you,
If true to yourself and made of the stuff.

Have patience and purpose and laugh at defeat,
Keep from your mind the shadows of doubt,
In the battle of life don't ever retreat,
And the world is sure to find you out.

Determine to win or go down in the strife,
Be one of the few the grade to make her,
And then in time for the rest of your life,
You will ride in a Six Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Know Thyself

A thing that is done by only a few,
But one that every man should do,
Is to get away from the crowd for awhile,
And think, where free from worldly guile.

He should stand in silence on the side,
While the world is going on its stride,
And with himself should get acquainted,
If self he has not over-rated.

He should ask himself some questions hard,
And make his heart an index card.
From original sources he should find,
If he is a man of the proper kind.

He should ask himself if honest and fair,
And are his dealings on the square.
Of himself the truth he should demand,
These things should come from every man.

Is his life as good and, too, upright,
All through the day as it is at night?
Is he as temperate on an excursion
As he is in his daily business diversion?

He should ask himself with sincere heart,
If better at home than in some other part.
In short, when he is called far away,
Does he sometimes then forget to pray?

Is he the man of his father's hopes,
With strength of will just like the oaks?
Is he the man of his mother's desires,
His soul been purged with righteous fires?

This private interview take when you can,
'Twill make you a stronger and a better man.
Go to the hills and in solitude take 'er,
Go and return in a Six Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character,*

A Little Child

We came to the house of our yesteryears,
Where dwelt no troubled thoughts or fears,
We knocked and someone opened the door,
Were invited within and told to explore.

We wandered round its stainless ways,
Inwrought with sweets of other days,
Someone whom we had known before,
Conducted us from floor to floor.

In this house of our yesteryears,
We saw some signs of childish tears,
The echoes of some childish plays,
We heard while going through its ways.

Bowers of innocence it contained,
With beauty fraught that still remained,
A voice told us of childish lore,
A voice we'd often heard before.

This childish voice so clear and pure,
We could not stand against its lure,
We followed where we'd gone before,
In our yesteryears of yore.

We dared to tread this sacred shrine,
Of our yesteryears of time,
Led within by just a child,
In the ways once free and wild.

His little hands we saw were dear,
He held them out without a fear,
His eyes looked deep into our heart,
With regrets we two did part.

This little child that we used to be,
Often asks us in to see
Our house of fondest yesteryears,
When Studebakers haven't our ears.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Road to Glory

We know a good old Missouri town,
Where "niggers" a-plenty live all around.
On a little hill down near the mill,
The "nigger" church is standing still.

When we were there some years ago,
This church each night gave quite a show.
To enter the house we had to strive,
For the building was packed to all revive.

The snow outside the church was deep,
Inside were shouts while some did weep.
The preacher's voice above the din,
Proclaimed to all their awful sin.

He said, "I's read de Good Book thro',
I's fahmiliar with all de ol' an' new.
Now you's all bette' believe in dis story,
If you's a gonna get yo' a home in glory."

Just then a gal, big, black and tall,
Shouted, "Fo' de story I sho' does fall.
With de dev'l I's fightin' both day an' night,
But with yo' story I's winnin' de fight."

The preacher replied, "My siste' host,
You's get on de side o' de Holy Ghost.
He'll look down deep in yo' po' ol' heart,
You'll sho' beat de dev'l if yo' do yo' part."

"If yo' read de Book fo' to get yo' light,
Yo' can dodge de ol' dev'l an' keep out o' sight.
Jus' read fo' to keep from makin' colleesions,
'Bout Paul with his 'pistle after the 'Phesians."

"If yo' faith go to shakin' an' yo' go to slippin',
Jus' read de Good Book without no skippin',
De dev'l am swif', but yo' stick to yo' Maker,
Yo' can beat him to glory in de Six Studebaker."

—*The Car with Character.*

Reward of Faith

Should you think your boy the worst of his kind,
Should you think with evil he fills up his mind,
If he is growing from you in a different way,
Have faith in your boy, we say.

Should you think him in league with others in sin,
Should you have no longer control over him,
Forsake not your wisdom and patience a day,
Have faith in your boy, we say.

Should you think he is living a checkered career,
Should he seem to be wayward and stubborn and queer,
Despite disappointment and sorrow each day,
Have faith in your boy, we say.

Speak not when anxious with words of reproof,
Give him no cause for keeping aloof,
He will subdued and repentant return some day,
Have faith in your boy, we say.

Believe in the prayers of mother his feet to arrest,
The good will subdue when put to the test,
Your spirit with gladness will fully repay,
Have faith in your boy, we say.

There's many a boy has been driven from home,
Because in his goodness no faith but his own,
None dreamed of the battles he fought every day,
Have faith in your boy, we say.

Help him to conquer what foes in him dwell,
With kindness you'll win him his problems to tell,
Make good resolutions and break them, he may.
Have faith in your boy, we say.

Have faith that your boy at last will prevail,
Although he may often most dismally fail,
Like a Six Studebaker the boy will yet pay,
Have faith in your boy, we say.

—The Car with Character.

Days of Opportunity

If you are inclined to lament and say,
There are no opportunities found today,
With the rest of the world you're out of step,
Your body and mind are short on pep.

Opportunities once flew thick and fast,
In years far in the distant past,
You'll know they are here today, instead,
If you read the lives of men that are dead.

Read Abraham Lincoln, American,
Enshrined in the heart of every man.
He was born honest in humble obscurity,
He made for himself his opportunity.

To the White House and the President's chair,
No American boy need have despair,
There is nothing a boy can't overcome,
With talent and energy making the run.

Read Horace Greeley, in poverty born,
His name does history's page adorn,
Benjamin Franklin's life and deeds,
Give inspiration for youthful needs.

John Jacob Astor started poor,
He peddled goods from door to door,
Thomas Edison of our present day,
Has traveled far along the way.

These men did not lament and say,
No opportunities are there today,
By grit and ambition, pluck and skill,
They made opportunity through, "I Will."

Today is the golden day of days,
Opportunity all around you plays,
Much depends that you keep on a-trying,
If you climb like Studebakers people are buying.

—*The Car with Character*

Dividends at Little Cost

Say a kind word with a smile when you can,
To lighten the burden of some brother man.
We are passing but once o'er life's troubled way,
Kind words with a smile to others will pay.

Kind words with a smile to the boy that you meet,
Unkempt and neglected and no one to greet,
With battles to fight o'er the troubles he bears,
Kind words with a smile will brighten his cares.

Kind words with a smile to any young man,
Will help him the highway of life to span,
Temptations surrounding him all of the while,
He can better resist with your word and a smile.

Kind words with a smile to some little girl,
Who is peevish and passions are all in a whirl,
Will cost you but only a minute of time,
They will help her to put her troubles behind.

Say a word with a smile to a neighbor in sorrow,
Do not from him withhold for tomorrow,
Despair he may be today on the road,
Kind words with a smile will lighten his load.

Kind words with a smile to a woman in tears,
Because of misgivings and doubts and fears,
Will strengthen her faith and renew her hope,
Make easy the way of her life's rugged slope.

Whoever you meet and whatever the day,
In whatever condition are those on your way,
Kind words with a smile will help them along,
And keep in your heart forever a song.

Our eyes to the world are often so blind,
We carelessly speak now and then unkind,
Kind words with smiles should never be rare,
Like Six Studebakers should be everywhere.

—*The Car with Character.*

Rewards of Victory

Every time you take a defeat,
You're weaker for the next to meet.
For every struggle you hold your stand.
More easy the next you can command.

A conquest won against the wrong,
Will make you for the next one strong.
Gird yourself, prepare to grapple,
Meet your foe and win the battle.

This fancy weird may not be true,
But a lesson it will teach unto you.
The Indian seeks his foe to kill,
That foeman's strength may do his will.

If you would live from prison bars,
Read His message in the stars.
Keep up the courage in your heart,
Let not your spirit from you depart.

You're weakening for the worldly strife,
You're making a prison for your life,
When you take defeat or you're coming near it,
Your prison of bruised and broken spirit.

Keep close to God and no condition,
Will keep from you sweet disposition.
He does not in His plan ignore us,
With His help you'll be victorious.

The bird does not refuse to sing,
In its cage deprived of wing,
It's not a captive prison bound,
Its spirit's going forth in sound.

In every condition and circumstance,
Keep spirit strong to make advance,
Keep defeat far in your rear,
Drive Six Studebaker and none you'll fear.

—The Car with Character.

The Faithful Friend

The one unselfish dependable friend,
In this selfish world to the bitter end,
When the mind is clear or clouded by fog,
Is the friend of man in his faithful dog.

A friend the best may against him turn,
And become an enemy he would spurn.
A dog will never his master desert,
Neither will he with treachery flirt.

A man may rear with his loving care,
His son or daughter or some other heir,
Who may in the end ungrateful prove,
But dogs from gratitude do not move.

Those who are nearest and dearest to bless,
Those whom we trust with our happiness,
May traitors become to their faith and our name.
But the dog of a man will be ever the same.

A man may all of his money soon lose,
When he needs it most and credit's refused.
In a moment of ill-considered action,
His reputation reduce to a fraction.

People who are prone to fall on their knees,
When success is ours do honor to please,
May be of the first when failure comes,
To turn on us then their malice guns.

But a faithful dog will still by us stand,
In poverty dire or in riches grand,
In health or in sickness, walk or ride,
His place is near to his master's side.

When other friends we no longer claim,
A friend our dog will still remain.
Through life to death he is a care-taker,
Dependable like the Six Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

With Nature

Of the seasons four of the eastern year,
One, more than all, to each is dear,
Summer, Winter, Autumn or Spring
When the birds in mating loudest sing.

In California there's but two,
With more we'd know not what to do.
The summers we like for then is rest,
The winters are favored by the guest.

In summer there is much of leisure,
And life is but a round of pleasure.
On summer nights we roam around,
When we can hear each little sound.

No thought we have for the cities night,
But far out where the moon is bright,
Where we can hear the night-bird's call,
And wind in trees that's big and tall.

In country there is rest and peace,
When we our daily labors cease.
Our one complaint is after taps,
When neighbors send us all their cats.

Their noise is such to run us wild,
They often sound just like a child.
They fight and scratch and bite and spit,
And then we aim and throw to hit.

Now these are just domestic cats,
The kind that catch the pesky rats.
They're much preferred to tiger-cats,
That in the cities dwell in flats.

We like the country with no vamps,
More than streets with brightest lamps.
We read each morn the daily paper,
That early comes by a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Work of the Devil

You can take the world around
And you will find in every town,
A street that all well know as Main,
And it enjoys a lot of fame.

Another thing you'll always find
In towns of our Pomona's kind,
A gossip busy as any bee,
And sometimes there are two or three.

Now we know not who ours may be,
If it's a he or it's a she,
But this we know and know it well,
A gossip's home should be in hell.

When gossip starts a tale around,
In every home its way is found,
When everyone tells it to you,
You then believe the thing is true.

We should always bear in mind,
The one who does a tale unwind,
Commits a sin and is as bad
As one who makes the tale to gad.

And, too, the ones to gladly hear,
Are none the less the ones to fear,
The truth to them is not enough,
Excitement comes from gossip stuff.

Gossip is malice, mean and low,
Chronic with some to always sow.
And when it rages like a pest
It turns one-half against the rest.

Do not condemn another's fault,
Your own may not be what it ought.
Blessed are they who are peace-makers,
For they shall ride in the Studebakers.

—*The Car with Character.*

Why We Advertise

We think we're just about as smart
As beasts and birds of prey,
That sing or shout or hop about,
To tell you what they have to say.
Then why should man the masterpiece
Of Nature's wise devise,
Not toot his horn both night and morn
And daily advertise.

It makes no difference what it is,
Or how good the thing may be,
The people will not find it out,
They will not come to see,
You should forever be alert
For those you wish to sell,
And never tire or weary grow
Of things you have to tell.

Everything we have in stock
From Second through to Third,
We stand behind it with our name,
You know, for you have heard.
Our Studebakers come and go,
We do not keep them long,
Used Cars we sell for little down,
We sell them for a song.

The hen is not supposed to know
Which way to come or go,
Yet every time she lays an egg
She always tells you so.
We've something new from day to day,
To which you should be wise,
Is why the printer's bill we pay
And daily advertise.

—*The Car with Character.*

We Call Thee Friend

San Antonio! Majestic! Thousands high,
Summit communing with the sky,
To you, in perfect grandeur dressed,
When tired, we turn our eyes and rest.

Silent and wonderful and grand,
In might and power you stand,
As guardian o'er the peaks around,
On them from lofty height look down.

Mindful, too, of the mother earth,
From whence thou didst receive thy birth,
When in some long far distant age,
In great travail she did engage.

From clouds of wintry laden snows,
Moisture stored for fields and groves
That look to thee for life's necessities,
Royal, indeed, art thy ministries.

Mornings kissed by fairest skies
Thou dost signal as they rise,
When sun comes up from out the east,
First in his warmth thou art to feast.

When the golden light in west retires,
Fails on distant domes and spires,
Your head is touched by lingering ray,
A last farewell to dying day.

Stars come forth upon their way,
Keep watch with thee for new-born day,
When waiting vales and hills below
Awake refreshed to onward go.

Majestic Peak! San Antonio!
Ages old you are, we know,
A witness for Him you'll ever stand,
As quality is witnessed by Studebaker Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Compassionate Thoughts

If your neighbor has a different creed,
This right to him you should concede,
If your doctrines don't with his agree,
Keep your talk from doctrines free.

The fact may be you both are wrong,
Some doctrines past are dead and gone,
There are a million other worlds,
Think not all truth around you swirls.

When men from toil their hands are hard,
For them you should have due regard,
Dirt never yet has made one mean,
All dirt is sweet if it is clean.

The man whose garments are not whole,
May have by far a bigger soul
Than one whose clothes are spick and span,
Whose face has had no coat of tan.

Don't think a man because his coat
Is not in style and he not know it,
Has, too, a ragged, wretched heart,
Be slow to judge by fashion's art.

The man with mind of narrow scope,
Of senses dull, make not a joke,
His heart may some day bigger be,
You may have sprung from such as he.

Men who toil beneath the skies,
Years will lift up him who tries,
Despise them not in all their ways,
Help them forward, for it pays.

Before you hate some fellow-man,
Beneath the stars the Heavens scan,
You'll see how very small you are
Compared with a Six Studebaker Car.

—*The Car with Character.*

What of the Harvest!

Thou shalt work! is the given command,
If any would not there is no viand.
Our love for work should never wane,
It is better to work than it is to reign.

Work was made by God for man,
And man should work when'er he can.
Work is man's obedient servant,
For work, man should be always fervent.

No man into the world is born
Without a work he can adorn.
For man, there's always work to do
If he's the will, no matter who.

Whatever the work you seek to get,
And your heart on it is firmly set,
Be sure your work is up to par,
Better than what you seek, by far.

There is not a man if he is wise,
That will, the work he does, despise.
He will, while at it be a man,
And do it well, the best he can.

Great men of Israel felt no shocks,
Dismay or fear to inspect their flocks.
Herding sheep was Moses' "biz,"
And David looked well after his.

Your life to be noble and great of race,
Does not depend on rank or place.
But purpose, character, faith and love,
And service to man and Him above.

Whatever you sow you will also reap,
Like seeds your deeds grow while you sleep.
Sow only seed that's free from tare,
Just like Studebaker, build on the square.

—*The Car with Character.*

Without Excuse

We have been asked from time to time,
Why we write our "ads" in rhyme.
There are many reasons we could give,
Our best excuse is just to live.

We are inclined to simple verse,
We hope to it you're not averse,
There's many things in verse expressed,
The meaning is so much the best.

Truth clad in verse does brighter shine,
And, too, asserts its birth divine.
In fewer words it tells you more,
Than prose can do by many score.

In verse is feeling of the soul,
Of noble passions it's the goal.
In every age it's been the same,
To it we never turn in vain.

If we have readers that are such,
Whose passions we can only touch,
And on the side of virtue lead,
Your soul our verse may help to feed.

Poetry fills the whole world round,
The air with its spirit does abound.
To its music the waves of ocean dance,
'Twill brighten your life if given a chance.

The love in Nature it reveals,
Our sorrows, too, it often heals.
Fills with warmth our aching heart,
Inspires with love to do our part.

If we were a mental Hercules,
We then would write each one to please.
We do the very best we can,
We're better at selling a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

When Faced with Death

He was raised with care in a Christian home,
Love and protection was around him thrown.
He was taught the Word and learned to pray,
In spirit he grew from day to day.

His life he enlisted in the Master's work,
Combatting with sin wherever it lurked.
But things of the world and material gain,
Led him to forsake the Master's name.

In time he made himself to deny
The church and, too, his God on high.
He grew to laugh at the Christian's hope,
And scoffed at what the preacher spoke.

He looked at the stars in the evening light,
The rocks and mountains of wondrous height,
The billows that rolled in from the sea,
As things that merely happened to be.

The suns and worlds of the universe,
Volcanoes that burned within the earth,
The wind and the rain and every tree,
As things that merely happened to be.

The flowers unfolding their beautiful bloom,
The rise and fall of the tides by the moon,
He said all came from nothing at all,
No longer he heard the Master's call.

But his unbelief when faced with death,
As within him shorter grew his breath,
Forsook him and from heart did moan,
"O, God, for Christ's sake take me home."

So the man who first had learned to pray,
Who then had scoffed from day to day,
Learned all things made must have a maker,
And the best car made is a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Safety in Conversation

At a certain round-table a good-natured bunch
Of finest of fellows met daily for lunch.
An hour's interchange of thoughts and ideas,
All would depart each feeling at ease.

They talked of the weather careless and free,
A topic on which they did all agree.
When one would mention the income tax,
It was an occasion to give it some whacks.

Golf came in for a share of discussion,
There's nothing in golf to cause any fussin',
If business was good or if it was bad,
They tackled the matter and never got mad.

When they discussed our time parking limit,
All were agreed on keeping within it.
But when they brought up our boulevard stop,
Not one but said it was all tommy-rot.

Around this table without any jars
They freely debated on all motor cars.
They praised or condemned without any heat,
Each claiming his car did all others beat.

Things they discussed to no one was vital,
Subjects were chosen for safety of title
Till they took up a question a million years old
Of vital concern to every one's soul.

Of God each took a different stand,
Divided on Nature, Spirit and Man,
While one did declare God didn't exist,
The good-natured bunch has since been missed.

On most every subject when men don't agree,
They smile, shake hands and part cheerfully.
There's danger in topics of soul and heart,
Talk Six Studebaker and friends you will part.

—*The Car with Character.*

When Conscience Speaks

Conscience the voice of God in the soul,
Whispering softly our deeds to control,
Counselling only with conscious self,
Like the hovering o'er of a spirit elf.

Our only judge on whom to depend,
Who infallible does a verdict send,
Is conscience, never known to deceive,
While reason we often cannot believe.

You may mislead those round about,
But conscience true will find you out,
More wise than any science known,
Is conscience, each one has his own.

Conscience guards our every virtue,
Transgress and stings of conscience hurt you,
No man from self can ever flee,
Where'er you go will conscience be.

Through brightest day, through darkest night,
Conscience guides the sense of right,
Keep conscience sound and all is well,
When bad its tortures are like a hell.

A conscience good is sometimes sold
For money made from yellow gold,
But conscience good was never bought
With gold for which it never sought.

Our conscience true will ever ring,
It's our only incorruptible thing,
Independent of edicts and decrees,
It justly judges all it sees.

To conscience listen in every season,
Combat it never with your reason,
When conscience says Studebaker Sedan,
It's the whispering of the inner man.

—*The Car with Character.*

A Cold in the Head

We got a terrible cold in the head,
Our eyes were sore, our nose was red,
We felt as we were nearly dead
With a terrible, terrible, cold in the head.

We were just about as cross as a bear,
There was nothing for which we seemed to care,
It got on our nerves and up we'd flare
When one to speak to us would dare.

To cure this terrible, terrible, cold,
We were offered advice by young and old,
They wanted neither silver nor gold
For remedies they to us had told.

The procession was by our president led,
By advice to go home and go to bed,
A shot in the arm, so Gordon said,
Would cure as quick as a shot in the head.

Jack Thurman said, stay off the street
And in hot water soak your feet,
'Twas Cannom next our fate to meet,
Who said a sweat was hard to beat.

Then next to give us an awful jar,
He has sold a many a good Used Car,
Was Working when he said, by far,
Take plenty of honey and old pine tar.

When Kreisler said to you I'll tell,
The best thing yet to make you well,
Our patience broke, from grace we fell
As we answered back, you go to hell.

From the time that terrible cold began,
We tried all things yet tried by man,
But we would have you understand,
'Twas cured by selling a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Interest Bearing Investments

It's known to all to be the law,
That interest should you wish to draw,
On something that you have within,
You first must put that something in.

For you, your business does not pay,
And you lament from day to day,
You have not to your business given,
That from which pay is deriven.

Your goose it lays a golden egg,
Marks up your interest just a peg,
But feed, you must, your goose of old,
If you would get your egg of gold.

If interest in your church has died,
It doesn't revive although you've tried,
Just ask yourself and look within
To see what you are putting in.

If your home is not going right,
You stay out late most every night,
You have no longer interest there,
You've no investment worth the care.

If you have brothers in your lodge,
You now quite often try to dodge,
Then your interest's growing slim,
You must put in if you would win.

All through life as taught by Him,
If you take out you must put in,
It's things you do for all about,
You take your biggest interest out.

With motor cars it's just the same,
What's been put in comes out again.
Now you can make your own deduction,
From the Studebakers' big production.

—The Car with Character.

A Woman's Tears

Trials and troubles we have had,
And worries since we've been a dad.
But these have never brought us fears
Like the flow of woman's tears.

We run our business with a vow
To let no woman tell us how.
But ripe experience of the years
Has taught us much of woman's tears.

We always try to make things go,
We're never gentle just for show.
But brakes we set and lock our gears
When we start a woman's tears.

Our letters we like neat and clean,
And when they're not we're very mean.
We pound the table, shout with jeers
Till we succumb from woman's tears.

The telephone, our patience tries,
When Central, "line is busy", cries.
The atmosphere, it always clears
When sobs we hear from woman's tears.

Once on a time our books were kept,
And on the job a woman slept.
Our scoldings all were turned to "dears"
With woman's best defense, her tears.

With house maids, too, it's just the same,
They surely know the little game.
They always get us by the ears
With woman's scalding bitter tears.

We hate to wear our evening suit,
It's worse than being deaf and mute.
We grouch and sulk till it appears
There's going to be a woman's tears.

In manhood strength there is a pride,
And woman, too, that once has cried.
We have observed through all our years
A woman's strength is in her tears.

A woman's tears! A woman's tears!
Have often banished business fears.
We bless them every time we can,
They sold for us a Big Sedan.

—*The Car with Character,*

The Poor Rich Man

They say I'm rich, and so I am.
But I don't own a Big Sedan.
I own no houses, stores or lands,
But I am blessed with two good hands.
The income tax is strange to me,
Yet, I am rich as rich can be.

They say I'm rich, and so I am.
But I've no mines or gold to pan.
I own no stocks to watch them rise,
But I am blessed with two good eyes.
Dividends are not for me,
Yet, I am rich as rich can be.

They say I'm rich, and so I am.
But I've no water power to dam.
I own no mills with wheels of gears,
But I am blessed with two good ears.
No profits big have come to me,
Yet, I am rich as rich can be.

They say I'm rich, and so I am.
But I've no cattle, hogs or rams.
I own no stock of any kind,
But I am blessed with splendid mind,
The markets never give me glee,
Yet, I am rich as rich can be.

They say I'm rich, and so I am.
But I've no bonds of any man.
I own no oil wells others dig,
I've just an appetite that's big.
No royalties for me to see,
Yet, I am rich as rich can be.

They say I'm rich, and so I am.
But my bank account's an awful sham.
Deposits all I make are small,
For all I earn there is a call.
I have no boasted family tree,
Yet, I am rich as rich can be.

They say I'm rich, and so I am.
I have two girls and husky Dan.
I have the very best of health,
These are all my hoarded wealth.
With wife and home and children three,
Indeed! I'm rich as rich can be.

They say I'm rich, and so I am.
The things I own, I know I can.
Some things there are no coin can buy,
These things belong to wife and I.
If I were but a diamond maker,
I'd surely buy a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Beautiful

The thing most beautiful on earth
Is a little babe that's full of mirth.
There's nothing else so good to see,
If it belongs to you or me.

And then I see a little girl
That's full of fun with a saucy curl,
With manners fine and quite genteel,
She makes for me a strong appeal.

But when I see a manly boy
That's something more than just a toy,
I'm sure there's nothing quite so fine,
It's just the same if he's not mine.

Young womanhood so sweet and fair,
If she knows how to wear her hair,
Of all things else, she's most divine,
It's just the same if she is thine.

A clean young man I next observe,
If he is real and has the nerve,
If he's been truthful from his birth,
He beats the other things of earth.

Young mothers I am free to say,
Who fill their home with love and pray,
Who count their joys and sorrows gain,
Are fit for heaven, there to reign.

And, too, the fathers brave and strong,
Whose lives are likened to a song,
Who fight their battles all alone,
Are sure a credit to a home.

And yet the sight that touches me,
The beauty I sure like to see,
Are those declining peaceful years
Of woman waiting with no fears.

There yet is one I think most beautiful,
The man that's old and ever dutiful,
And never fails his wife to take her
Where'er he goes in a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

We see beauty in infancy, beauty in youth, beauty in maturity, beauty in age, in truth. We see beauty in old things handed down and beauty in new things bought in town. The automobile we leave to you, there's not a few but take their hats off to the new.

A Family Jar

We've always tried in every way
To do our level best.
We're guided by our better half
In everything but rest.
She says our light and humor lines
Is not the stuff that mingles,
If we would all men have them read,
We must cut out the jingles.

Our case we tried to argue
And said you understand,
To write each day as one would pray
Is not at our command.
Like other men we claim to be,
With but a single mind,
And what suits us will suit them, too,
And other human kind.

Every word of that I grant,
She said without a pant.
It fills your space from day to day
If that's your only slant.
But you have cars and other things,
That you have got to sell,
Or else your space will be to let,
And that you know, full well.

Another tack we took and tried
To argue once again.
Ver-sa-tile we did advance,
Was like the sun and rain.
But all we said with accent true,
Rebounded in our face,
We were left both deaf and dumb,
We fell out of the race.

We've tried it once, we've tried it twice,
We've tried it many times.
To argue with our better half,
It's cost us lots of dimes.
A woman set, is hard to get,
In threes or twos or singles.
Her word was last, she said it fast,
You'd best cut out the jingles.
Taken from life—The "Ad" writer's life.

The Reconciliation

Sequel to "A Family Jar"

Our wife to us is one good pal,
She never makes a snuffle,
We joke and tease her quite a lot,
It never makes a ruffle.
But not long since we got our due,
She gave our ears the tingles,
Our jokes were out of place we know,
'Twas when she had the shingles.
It seems quite funny now it's o'er,
The way she brought us to the floor.
She called the nurse and with a roar,
She showed us quickly to the door.
We called the Doc, her pains to stop,
And tell us what best mingles,
With disposition cracked and shot,
When pal has got the shingles.
We'll ne'er forget a sick wife's room
Is not the place and time,
To joke and laugh or try to spoon
Or make a silly rhyme.
Our heart was dead, we held our head,
When pal was sick with shingles,
For that was when she also said,
You'd best cut out the jingles.

Another selection from life—The "Ad" writer's life.

Indignation and Jubilation

A friend, to us did come who's sore,
You should have heard his awful roar.
A copper on the great high-way
Caught him in a trap one day.

The trap was some few hundred feet,
The cop was on his motor, fleet.
With watch in hand he felt so nifty
And made our friend out doing fifty.

One second more and he'd done ninety,
The cops they worked it almost nightly.
No show our friend would ever get
When face to face the judge he met.

No one has yet a copper known
Whose word's not better than your own.
No judge has ever yet been found
With whom your word would fair go down.

But now our friend's in greatest glee,
The palmy days are o'er you see.
The law has stopped the use of traps
To curb abuse of motor chaps.

Our friend, to us he did confide
That motor cops would have to ride.
No more hiding by the road,
No more chance our friend to goad.

No more loafing on the job,
No more innocents to rob.
They must ride both night and day
If they can hope to earn their pay.

No more poker in the shade,
No more chance to make a raid.
No more chance for them to hide,
They must ride and ride and ride.

It long has been our own opinion,
That here within our small dominion,
Many men have paid a fine
Just from persecution blind.

If all our officers were true
And treated us the same as you,
Our friend would then feel he were safer
Where'er he'd go in a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Helping a Convert

To kill our hogs was once a gift,
Down on our father's western farm.
Today the farmer buys from Swift,
His meat that's guaranteed from harm.

We would when winter first began,
Kill our pork and salt it down.
Except the part we smoked for ham,
And some we took into the town.

The spare ribs and the feet 'twas said,
Were best when served while fresh.
So pigs feet daily with some bread,
Were served to give us added flesh.

Now father kept a hired man,
Who was devoted to his church,
Though he disliked pigs feet and jam,
He cast not on our fare a smirch.

It came to pass in truth one day,
The preacher from the town did call.
At dinner he was asked to pray
And bless us every one and all.

The preacher then to courage give,
Our hired man a convert new,
Said, "My good sir to help you live,
Give thanks to Him, in words a few."

Our man of toil was much confused,
His words of prayer refused to come.
We thought his actions were a ruse,
Until the cussed thing was done.

He said his say in accents bold,
It surely sounded tough.
"Pigs feet hot and pigs feet cold,
Pigs feet tough, God, I got enough."

The lines above are surely silly,
They sound just like some willy nilly.
But what's the odds they make a braker,
From working hard for Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Who Are the Foolish?

Life is more than just a spurt,
It's climbing long with much of work.
You can not climb a hill with zest,
Without you stop and take a rest.

We meet some fellows right along,
There's always some within the throng,
Who pass as good men, fast and true,
Because they say they are, to you.

They fool us all except their wives,
They are just like a lot of fives,
They pass at face with every "feller,"
Until they reach the bankers' teller.

You can from buzzards, eagles coin,
And fool the people if they join
Some other eagles in the sky
And always stay up very high.

But buzzards have a way, we know,
That soon or late they come down low,
And swoop back to the dead pell mell,
And then you get the buzzard smell.

In life we've heard it all about,
Some men are prone to ever shout,
How foolish are the gentler sex,
And how the men they always vex.

They then proceed to liken them
In foolishness unto the hen,
But we contend for foolishness,
The rooster makes the biggest mess.

He's always strutting, always crowing,
Always bragging and always knowing
To all the hens, not just a few,
O'er things with which he'd none to do.

You'd think he's making all the light,
When sun each morning comes in sight
As from his perch in haughty poise,
He always makes the greatest noise.

Another comes and then he crows,
In mortal combat then he goes.
When he is licked, then straight away
He keeps it up throughout the day.

He even wakes up in the night
When there is not a sign of light,
He crows and crows and then again,
He crows to just impress the hen.

Now when a hen does make a noise,
You know that she is full of joys.
She stands right up to only beg
To say, she's laid another egg.

Now we may, too, some foolish be,
We'd like for you to come and see.
We're wise to try that you should take her,
Of course, we mean a Studebaker.

—The Car with Character.

When We Were Hooked

When Pete-e used to ride with me,
From cares and troubles we were free.
Before the days of motor cars,
When our way was lit by stars.

When Pete-e used to ride with me,
The air of spring was full of glee,
The daisies thick around us grew,
The grasses sparkled with the dew.

When Pete-e used to ride with me,
In spaces wide where we could see,
The prairie dogs did scamper round
And hide at every little sound.

When Pete-e used to ride with me,
The gentler things would never flee.
Our hearts were tuned to ever hark
The notes so sweet of meadow lark.

When Pete-e used to ride with me,
Old Dobbin knew we had the bee.
His gait was slow, he took his time,
Without my drawing on the line.

When Pete-e used to ride with me,
She always paid to me a fee.
And it was more than just a song,
It made our way seem never long.

When Pete-e used to ride with me,
I always heard her earnest plea,
Then she, my arm, it would go round,
Our days with love they did abound.

When Pete-e used to ride with me,
There was no sound of chick-a-dee
To interrupt our moment's blisses,
Which were filled with both our kisses.

When Pete-e used to ride with me,
Our joys were then as now they be.
The road around her face did frame,
Today it's ever just the same.

When Pete-e used to ride with me,
'Twas Stude-baker light bug-gy.
Today we ride whene'er we can,
In a Stude-baker Big Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Another chapter from life—The “Ad” writer’s life.

Observation Reflections

When an eastern farmer
Comes to our coast,
He brings no tales
With which to boast.
All things here,
To him, look grand,
He's sure he's found
The promised land.

His friends are many,
They freely ride him all about,
They show him oil wells, cattle,
Hogs and how things sprout.
He is much delighted
With the yellow golden fruit,
And then, an orange grove,
He looks for one to suit.

The city agents selling houses,
Lands and other things,
Hear all about the eastern man
And money that he brings.
They pray for him, they lay for him,
They call him up at night,
An orange grove is just the thing,
And prices they are right.

And so, each day the eastern man,
Is always on his way,
To see another grove or two
That's guaranteed to pay.
At last he's hooked, his order's booked,
Ten acres bearing full,
The trees are there, they look so fair,
The dollars he will pull.

All the agent told him,
Not a word he ever lost,
The grove is situated right
And never touched by frost.
There's none to do but cultivate
And sleep good every night,
Look down the row and watch it grow
And cash it when it's ripe.

But soon the easterner was due
To get an awful fall,
Things refused to come to him
At every beck and call.
'Twas cultivate and irrigate
And fumigate all night,
The scale was bad, it made him mad,
Yes, mad enough to fight.

Red spider, too, and black a few,
He had to spray to kill,
And holes the floods made
In his ground, he always had to fill.
Fertilizer agents, always
Round him they did hang,
Mottle leaf it puzzled him
And caused him many a pang.

Pruning, too, he had to do,
It always made him sore,
A gopher now and then
Would kill, a tree before it bore.
Electric winds, they did descend,
And strip each branch and twig,
And then the market went to smash
And prices were not big.

Take our advice, you eastern man,
And when out here you come,
Just take your time and feel your way,
As all wise things are done.
For every sucker that is born,
There's one to catch him sure,
And don't forget, our southern clime
Is wonderful to lure.

And, too, you must remember,
All things are gained by toil,
Or they are not worth having
And they are bound to spoil.
And that is why the car we sell
Is good as they can make 'er,
Since '52, both wise and true,
They've builded Studebaker.

—The Car with Character.

Addendum

We could not tell you everything
In our ten verse of song,
For then we know it would be slow
And make it extra long.
But one thing more the orange grower
Will never learn to stop,
It's when in June by sun or moon
The fruit begins to drop.

Possessed by the Many

Hatred, malice, ill-will and spite,
Are marks and scars of envy's bite.
No one is poisoned by its sting
Who dares to own the shameless thing.

The envious man whom no one loves,
Will die, but envy never does.
As rust corrupts the iron in time,
Envy corrupts God's image divine.

Envy is not an uncommon vice,
And for it you pay an awful price.
No returns does envy ever yield,
There is nothing good in envy's field.

Of all the passions we could name,
There's none we know so ill of fame.
There's none to draw men far apart
Like envy in the human heart.

No sight has envy, it is blind,
In it no quality we find,
Except to inward peace distract,
And from our virtue to detract.

When envy works it never halts,
It makes us pleased at finding faults,
And when we also find perfection,
We are displeased from our inspection.

If you from envy think you're free,
Just look into your heart and see.
Envy lurks there in the nooks.
And it is found by him who looks.

If you from envy would live clear,
Keep closed your mouth and stop your ear.
If you from envy never ran
You're qualified for a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Past is Past

Whene'er we see a college man,
Who is always bragging when he can
Of his degree, we want to shout
He's nothing else to brag about.

And when again we've stood aghast,
When one relates about his past,
We've often wished to call his bluff,
And ask him where he got the stuff.

We have in awe and silence stood,
When some have told us of their good.
Their words we measure by their eyes,
And then conclude to watch the guys.

But none so foolish can there be
As one who has a family tree,
And trusts to it his life of fate
To make of him a human great.

A family tree with pedigree,
We will be ever proud to see,
But family tree of man alone
Will never make for you a throne.

Thought and deed, not pedigree,
Nor worship of the family tree,
Are passes to enduring fame
That make for you a lasting name.

Depend upon ancestral virtue,
On it alone, and it will hurt you.
It's likened unto searching roots
Of trees, to find their golden fruits.

And, too, when boasting of descent,
You only praise the other gent.
We make our noise for the factory boys,
Of Studebakers and their joys.

—*The Car with Character,*

O! Woman, Woman!

We learn from experience more than from books,
It availeth but little with a woman of looks,
Experience makes us both careful and wise,
But an uneven match with a woman who lies.

We are fairly well versed in ways of the men,
We are rarely mistaken when trusting in them,
But a bright cunning woman us she can fool,
When worked by the hand of a knavish young tool.

From woman we look for more of perfection,
Than man who should be woman's protection,
We are mindful in this we honor her much,
For in woman we see the heavenly touch.

There is nothing more noble than woman perfected,
Yet woman can lie and not be suspected,
Woman can over us put what she tries
If she is but willing to tell us some lies.

Extreme are the women as told by pen,
They are better or worse than most of the men,
We can vouch for this truth without ever trying,
A woman can beat any man for good lying.

When a woman starts out to put over a trick,
With ease she will lie to make the thing stick,
She'll sacrifice truth just for a few dollars,
And reap the rewards from lying that follows.

Because of one blemish the pear is not bad,
Nor from one experience is life for us sad,
Women are better than men on the whole,
But one sure put us somewhat in the hole.

Our faith in humanity ne'er yet will it shake,
Because now and then one makes a mistake,
There's many good men and women yet true,
Who buy Studebakers the same as you do.

—*The Car with Character.*

Living Faith

There are none we know but will truly say,
That the faith within man is strength to sway.
It has ever been true that strong convictions,
Precede great actions of men's creations.
The man who is strongly possessed of idea,
Is master of all who are halting to see.

Faith is a force the greatest of life,
Strength to the righteous in battles of strife.
Faith is just an addition to reason,
It banishes fear through every season.
Faith is obedience and not a compliance,
By obeying we keep it and not by defiance.

Be a hero in faith above everything else,
If to the Infinite close you would keep yourself.
Faith is the light through darkness to span,
It is the great link from God unto man.
Faith is the artist of every great soul,
Drawing pictures of heaven the place of our goal.

There are none we know that so happily live,
As those who have faith in God to give.
Faith is the substance of things of our hope,
The evidence of that for which we all grope.
Faith wholly in God and without reserve,
Death it will bridge for those who serve.

True faith is the root of every good work,
It makes a good soldier that will not shirk.
Faith is the foundation for every good action,
It helps one to build with great satisfaction.
That is why every man is a patient pains-taker,
Who is helping to build the Six Stude-baker.

There is nothing new under the sun, said he,
What's the matter with me, quoth she.
I'm not so slow, I know how to go,
Said the new '24 that stands on our floor.

Our Thanksgiving

O Father of all on land and sea,
We most humbly give our thanks to Thee.
For all the days that are good and bright,
And the joy of rest of peaceful night.

We thank Thee for all of our childish plays,
And the many delights of our youthful days,
For the strength to toil in our days of prime,
For the blessings of future days of time.

For the gleam of every little star,
Reminding us Thou art near and far,
For the sun, the wind and the gentle rain,
We give our thanks to Thee again.

We thank Thee for life and all it gives,
For power to aid where poverty lives,
For aspiration and hope and love,
For our faith in man and God above.

By our President's annual proclamation,
This day of thanksgiving and supplication,
As we gather round our tables spread,
Our thanks we give for just being led.

Our misfortunes, sorrows and hours of pain,
We know have not been all in vain.
When blessings become our habit of life,
To be mindful and thankful it takes the strife.

For the gathering of friends and kinsmen dear,
We give Thee our thanks from hearts of cheer.
Things for our good Thou knowest the best,
We ask just as much for all the rest.

Our thanks to Thee not once will cease,
For our country and her reign of peace.
For every loyal Studebaker man,
We give our thanks the best we can.

—*The Car with Character.*

Our Support

Fortune comes through diligence and skill,
There is always a way where there is a will,
Industry of hand as well as of brain,
Makes everything easy that's worthy of gain.

Our labor should always be well directed,
No slighting for cause to be rejected.
Genius may all great works begin,
Labor's the thing that makes them win.

This rule is good for most every man,
The more we do, the more we can.
More busy we are, more leisure we have,
For play to serve as our safety valve.

The mind of man has been so made,
That happiness in him will quickly fade,
If slothful habits he does acquire,
And industry is not his chief desire.

Industry will our talents improve,
Deficiencies from our abilities remove.
With energies noble it is in accord,
It brings to all its highest reward.

Industry travels the road with joy,
Duty is also along to convoy.
There is no possible way to progress,
If we no love for labor possess.

The bread we earn by sweat of the brow,
Is bread most blessed we must allow.
It is far sweeter may all confess
Than the tasteless loaf of idleness.

As long as one lives and stirs all around,
There's food and dress for him to be found.
Industry is said to be a health maker,
We find it in selling the Six Studebaker.

—The Car with Character.

Look Up and Not Down

The home of the Mountain Meadows Club,
Of the country round it is the hub.
Like diamond lights above so far,
The club is set like a shining star.

At morning, noon or at any time,
The view around is most sublime.
North or South or East or West,
We know not which to say is best.

To East three lofty peaks we see,
The home of things both wild and free.
Each towers like some majestic beast,
Remindful of men of the Christian East.

To the West is Pasadena way
Where everything is bright and gay.
And just beyond is the sea of blue,
A picture grand by evening hue.

To the North we see the mother range,
Clouds and sun make hourly change.
The hills to South so full of grace
Were placed by Him, each in its place.

To some no beauty anywhere,
They only see the County Fair.
They see the things down on the ground,
Look up! The beauty of God is all around.

So 'tis in life you'll always find,
Some people only see the slime.
If heart is bright and eyes aright
You'll see the things of Heaven's light.

Some things you do not see but feel,
Your instinct tells you they are real.
To know how sight and feelings mix,
Just take the wheel of a Studebaker Six.

—The Car with Character.

One Day in Seven

Once we did read and we agreed,
That one day out of seven,
Man should do his best to rest,
And worship Him in heaven.
Now that is fine, it's most divine,
And so we start the day,
We all call Sunday preceding Monday,
And late in bed we lay.

Our custom then and long has been,
To wend our way to church.
To find a way, awake to stay,
Our mind we have to search.
There's not a place the human race,
So often want to sleep,
For it's a fact the most exact,
The sand-man there does creep.

There's but one other time we find,
We fall asleep so soon.
It's when at home we rest our dome,
On Sunday afternoon.
It's full of joys except for noise,
That often wakes us up,
They say it's right and gives delight,
Our sleep to interrupt.

First we'll hear both loud and clear,
The ring of telephone,
Then the next to make us vexed,
Our dog gnaws on a bone,
But worst of all we can recall,
Is the rattle of Sunday's paper,
When from a dream we wake and scream,
We're selling Studebaker.

—The Car with Character.

The Fruits of Benevolence

Learn the luxury of doing good,
Throw off your selfish cloak and hood,
Benevolence brings you cheerfulness,
And more of heavenly blessedness.

Of use to others try always to be,
When giving do it judiciously,
For every truly benevolent deed,
Conscience pays you back with speed.

Carve your name on hearts of men,
Be to everyone a dependable friend,
The lower you condescend in your love,
The nearer you draw to Him above.

Open hand and heart of own free will,
The good will fly out to others fill,
The more we give, yet unto the least,
The more are we ourselves increased.

In the lives of men no other action
Like doing good, is a happy attraction.
Benevolence of all other virtues breathes,
More blessed is he than who receives.

Good we should do whenever we can,
No season has kindness since time began,
All times and seasons does kindness claim,
Possess it and give it your heart to reign.

He whose benevolence warms distress,
Is a ministering angel living to bless,
Like a fountain refreshing in every direction,
He scatters beneficence along with affection.

The gentle deeds that in life you do
Will live forever and be as new,
They may not appear in the daily papers,
Nor does every good deed of the Studebakers.

—*The Car with Character.*

A Familiar Get-A-Way

On a farm back east lived Farmer Brown,
One day of each week he would go into town,
This was an event in his well ordered life,
To drive into town with his family and wife.

On one of those days in the month of May,
They went into town for the big circus day,
For a good early start the Farmer arose,
And started to dress in his best suit of clothes.

To the head of the stairs he went with a rush
And called to his wife, "Now where is that brush,
When a man's in a hurry it's just the way,
Things are just sure to all go astray."

In his great impatience a shoestring broke,
It made him so mad he was ready to choke,
He then got into one of his rants
And yelled to his wife, "Now where are my pants?"

When putting them on he found an excuse
To bluster again, "Here's a button that's loose,"
A moment of calm, then, "I will be blest,
How is a man to ever get dressed."

"Now where is that vest I would like to know,"
As things all around he commenced to throw,
"It's not in that closet, it's no use to look,
For I hung it right here on this very hook."

"That vest I tell you has got to be found,
Or we will this day not go into town,
You folks get busy and look for it fast,
While into the auto I put some more gas,"

Soon from the auto came shoutings of joy,
Brown was happy just like when a boy,
'Now for the circus we've time yet to make 'er,
I've found that old vest in the Six Studebaker."

—*The Car with Character.*

The Exodus

To the man who wants a dandy Ford,
With a special body like a gourd,
We have the one that's meant for you.
The car was built for only two.

To the man who called the other day,
With little to pay for a Chevrolet,
We now have one that's running fine,
Come take it away and pay in time.

To the man who wants an Oakland Four.
You'll never find one that's any lower,
We also have one for your cousin,
You can take your choice from half-a-dozen.

To the man who thinks he wants a Maxwell,
We have but one that really acts well,
We have others, too, but not so nice,
You can have for almost any old price.

To the man with nerve for an Oldsmobile,
Any one of a dozen take the wheel,
With but little down and time to pay,
Now is your chance to take 'em away.

To the man that a Buick best will suit,
Come look at ours or you will rue it,
We have eight or nine or ten or more,
At prices you've never known before.

To the man who is looking for a Dodge,
We have a few you can dislodge,
To buy from us is never as hard
As riding a Dodge and being jarred.

While all of the makes are going with dash,
We would like to dispose of "Another Nash,"
The reason for this you'll see by the papers,
The people are buying new Studebakers.

—The Car with Character.

Middle Ground

They say we should forgiving be,
Our pardon should be full and free.
When cheek is smitten by another,
Turn and let him smite the other.

If one offends us o'er and o'er,
Forgive him seven and seventy more.
Condone the wrong and pass it by,
Try not to make him rectify.

Again we've often heard the cry,
Tooth for tooth and eye for eye.
For every wrong someone has done,
Collect by adding another one.

Two wrongs we ever have observed,
The right was never made to serve.
If another will himself defile,
Keep doing right and keep a smile.

Our moral conduct we but deem,
Each way can go to great extreme.
The middle ground is sure and safe,
With mercy and justice in their place.

Mistakes of head and not of heart,
Without intent to something start,
We can forgive and then forget,
But those of heart live to regret.

Let someone something crooked pull
On us, we can't forgive in full,
Through truth and honor he shall pay,
If it takes us till the judgment day.

We do not want an eye or tooth,
To find our checks would take a sleuth.
But wrongs will come to an account,
As Studebaker Sixes get about.

—*The Car with Character.*

Hot and Cold

We once met a jolly old bachelor man,
"I never will marry," he said, "but I can."
All we are telling you is less than a third,
Of things that we from the old man heard.

"Woman can be very cordial and warm,
She can make the men all around her swarm,
Cold she can be or pleasing or vexing,
Or like an open book or a thing perplexing."

"Woman can turn a man into a toy,
She can make him a fool of perfect joy.
With a sweet smile today and a frown tomorrow,
She can cause a man a whole lot of sorrow."

"She can bring him despair then restore him with hope,
If he will but give her a plenty of rope.
She will most willingly be his loving slave,
And she will lord it over him to an early grave."

"She can be responsive or spiteful or shy,
She can be forgiving and never half try.
In her inconsistency she is quite delightful,
But to none except woman is it rightful."

"Repelling at times and at others caressing,
Man's greatest plague and also his blessing.
Although she can make him move quicker and faster,
He kids himself as her liege lord and master."

"At will she can easily cast a man off,
She can bring him back with a slight little cough.
Then more surely and closer can she bind him,
Round her finger she can tightly wind him."

You should know more of how woman can work,
Learning from her you never should shirk.
Bring in your sweetheart or wife if you can,
She will teach you to buy a Studebaker Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Man's Sepulchre

When a man there is with much of leisure,
When idleness is but for his pleasure,
Him we should pity and all his kind,
For the body is less infirm than mind.

The man with ability fine and sound,
Whose pleasure in idleness only is found,
From our observation is a most wretched sight,
And on human creation a vile parasite.

The power is within each living man,
To nothing do, if he wills, he can,
But idle hands are the Devil's gains,
And his workshop is found in idle brains.

By the Devil, idleness is greatly admired,
It is what by him is the most required.
The starting of the most of men to ruin,
Are the idle moments with time for brewing.

The holiday of fools it has been found,
Who are idle burdens to all the ground.
Just doing nothing with a good deal of skill,
Is the work of one with a weakened will.

The pleasure of idleness breeds to sin,
Enjoyment stops where inactions begin.
The idle soul brings spiritual health
To spiritual disease approaching death.

For every hour of time that is lost,
Misfortune some day will demand the cost.
And him who might be better employed,
Is no less idle than leisure enjoyed.

Laziness, indolence, idleness, all the same,
They spin fine webs that end in a chain.
Get busy! Accomplish! Economize time!
Studebakers are everywhere down the line.

—*The Car with Character.*

Home

If where you dwell is love and joy,
To you no petty things to cause annoy,
Though it be humble it is truly home.
If in you and family all around,
Your hearts with peace they do abound,
The place in which you live is home.

If you support with hand and heart,
And get support that is not apart,
The tie is one to make it home.
For self alone don't choose your friends,
And welcome all the kin He sends,
He will also blessings send upon your home.

If none but four bare walls are had,
Your wife will surely want to gad,
She will not want to stay at home.
If you in poverty content to dwell,
Your love must fail to hold its spell,
There is nothing left to call it home.

You may if you are financially able,
Fill a house with furniture up to the gable,
But furniture alone doesn't make it home.
Fill it with love, then more and more,
Bid it to enter through window and door,
Then you have made it home, sweet home.

Yours may be a cottage built by your hand,
'Twill hold as much love as a mansion grand,
For love is bounded only by home.
When restless you go from place to place,
Till homesick you get to see your own race,
You turn your Big Six and start for home.

The world for us each one and all
Is easy or hard just as we make it.
Go straight and it's easy not to fall,
Go wrong and hard it is to shake it.

Juggling Thoughts with Prayer

We once belonged to a fashionable church,
One sister for prayer was not in the lurch,
Fervent and strong were her words of devotion,
Her mind was more of a different notion.

We'll tell you some things this good sister said,
And also some thoughts in her mind that we read,
Her petitions and actions did not quite agree,
So everyone said who was there and could see.

"Give me a heart of pure faith in my kind,"
Is just what she said but she thought in her mind,
A hypocrite mean was her neighbor next door,
She showed by her life she thought this and more.

The failings of others she prayed not to find,
To such she prayed also her eyes to be blind,
But the woman in front of her had a new hat,
She thought that it made her look like an old cat.

Take from my soul she, too, would declare,
All covetous feeling that should not be there,
But a lady she spied who had a new coat,
Her thoughts with her eyes turned on it to gloat.

Plainly but humbly she asked Him to make
Her fully contented with her own earthly state,
But she in her heart wished that she had married
A man who always a bank account carried.

"Make me for charity have a big heart,
And for the poor do always my part,"
But when the deacon came round with the plate,
She thought from giving, "how will I escape."

That's often the way with fashion religion,
Fine words roll out with the flight of a pigeon,
Those who are true and think as they pray,
Drive Six Studebakers on the highway.

—*The Car with Character.*

Eternity

Into eternity we all must go,
Just what it is we do not know.
But thoughts of life's continuation
Are thoughts of blessed consolation.

We're here for but an hour at best,
And then it's everlasting rest.
In God we find eternal life
When we are done with earthly strife.

No eye can pierce the great beyond,
The call from which we must respond.
No mind can fully comprehend
Eternity without an end.

Many things does time restore,
Eternity does even more.
God in His mercy and His might
Turns everything from wrong to right.

Darkness now that does surround,
Will vanish at the trumpets sound.
In Heaven's light we'll see the way
At dawning of eternal day.

Eternal life does here begin,
If we live free of worldly sin.
A life of everlasting love
Is life forevermore above.

For self alone the things we do,
In time will die and pass from view.
But things we do for God and souls
Are things eternity unfolds.

Man grows old and then he dies,
Eternity forever onward flies.
The heart but withers, the flowers but fade,
The Studebaker Six is the best car made.

—*The Car with Character.*

Power of Observation

Boys of every land and time,
About the age of eight or nine,
Build boyish castles in the air
Of things they hope to do and dare.

Ask those around you under ten,
What they will be when they are men.
You'll be surprised at what they say
And what they hope to be some day.

A boy, the first, we chanced to greet,
Would be a policeman on his beat.
The greatest honor, much by far,
To him, is wearing a policeman's star.

The next, he did with pride confide,
The street cars he would like to ride.
He'd be the conductor on the line
And wear a uniform so fine.

Another, he would be like Bill,
Drive a horse and collect the swill.
We doubt his father will agree
For he collects a doctor's fee.

A lad we called aside from play,
An ice-man he would be some day.
He longed to be both big and strong
As the ice-man who'd just passed along.

From these a lesson we did learn,
It's things they see, the children yearn.
Too watchful we can't be nor careful,
To guide them right we should be prayerful.

Help them choose their little friends,
Teach them much on them depends.
And tell each one when he's a man,
You hope he'll own a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Best Friend—Worst Enemy

Our first adventure bold and sure,
Into the world of business lure,
Was with the feel of giant strength,
That problems we could solve at length.

Things looked so easy just at first,
When after business we did thirst.
Then troubles came both thick and fast,
Our hopes and plans they tried to blast.

We found that business called for brain,
It called for health, it called for name.
It called for hours both day and night,
From it you never could lose sight.

If business we would make it grow,
Of problems we must better know.
It seemed there was none else to do
But let your business govern you.

We then began to take it home,
And soon our fate we did bemoan.
But none there are that's made a go
But what have also found it so.

And then we saw about this time
That we had reached the danger line.
For business there's a time and place,
Unless you want to float in space.

Business should throughout the day,
If you can hope to make it pay,
Call for all you have to spend
And should be your bosom friend.

But when you lock your office door,
No longer should you think it o'er.
Your enemy it then should be,
Your mind from business should be free.

These are things we've learned from life,
They've cost us much of useless strife.
They've taught us how to take our stand
And always keep the upper hand.

When business turns from work to play,
No more will business have the say.
We care not for the golf of man,
We'd rather sell a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Return of the Past

On Second Street the other day,
A man did walk in the queerest way.
We saw two boys who thought it smart
To mimic him, each did his part.

The thing at once called to our mind,
An incident of just the kind,
We'd like to blot it from our life,
At times it cuts just like a knife.

Once we went to a district school,
Our teacher was one awful fool.
It gave us kids a lot of fun,
But not one learned to do a sum.

His name we will not tell to you,
For now the years pass in review.
We did not treat him as we should,
He did the very best he could.

The school was closed before its time,
For teacher had an injured mind.
He told each one a fond goodbye,
Then to a mad-house went to die.

The things we did for no excuse,
Were but the things of thoughtless youth.
We should have given his life a boost,
For chickens do come home to roost.

The lame, the halt, the dumb, the blind,
And also those of simple mind,
Should get from us our fondest care,
Just read "The Children and the Bear."

Just fill your life with love and shout,
Your joy and gladness all about.
The things we do to help them win,
We do them also unto Him.

Kindness does not cost to give,
And it's the thing to longest live.
Just strew it round where'er you can,
And don't forget Studebaker Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Through the Centuries

In this epoch the grandest of the world,
We have the modern American girl,
On the threshold of her woman years,
Selecting her choice of many careers.

Woman of wondrous grace divine,
Through centuries winding down through time,
The world has been inclined to spurn,
No longer the world has unconcern.

In alluring events that daily occur,
The world is learning to turn to her.
The world has always and now the needs,
Of the inspiration of womanly deeds.

It needs her words, helpful and true,
Her hands that are willing and ready to do.
Women with hearts that are tender and kind,
Places for them the world will find.

When writing this rhyme about the feminine,
To mix Studebaker we had a holy time.
We didn't dare say she's great on kicks,
So we couldn't rhyme her with Studebaker Six.

What We Saw at Tia Juana

Just over the line in Old Mexico,
Great throngs, daily, to Tia Juana go,
Where gambling is open in every form,
Through day and night till early morn.

No man has ever yet risen to fame,
Through seeking to play another's game,
Passion that burns for the winning of gold,
Makes wrecks of men that's sad to behold.

With cards or dice, at the track or the ring,
Or gambling in stocks, it's all one thing,
It's a heavy tax required of fools
Whose life the gambling spirit rules.

Games of chance are alluring traps,
To catch the youths of wills that snaps,
They go the gambler's way with a stride,
To the end of a moral suicide.

One bound by the habit of baneful vice
To venture his life and soul upon dice,
Is a cursed wretch enslaved to sin,
In league with avarice how to win.

As the gambler proficient grows in his art,
Iniquity fills the wicked heart,
With madness for gaming becomes a slave,
A calculating, cool and tricky knave.

A gambling house is an infamous den,
Where sordid and turbulent passions contend,
Where the turn of a card or the ivory's roll
Puts into a man the demon soul.

In a gambler's bosom no genius reigns,
Patriotism and virtue are sadly stained,
Be a patient, just and an honest man,
With the character of a Six Studebaker Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Each to His Own

Give us the country where life isn't cruel,
Far from the cities' law and rule,
Give us the farm with acres a few,
Where you can do as you wish to do.

From fashion and form you can cut loose,
For bobbing your hair there is no excuse,
No paint is needed to make lips red,
No faces pinched and starved and dead.

Out in the country where oranges grow,
Out where nature you learn to know,
Where wild life about in love is mating,
No steps to retrace from ones they are taking.

Where nights bring rest in quiet and sleep,
No noises of city over you creep,
Where clocks are had for keeping the time,
No cow that bawls each night it is nine.

Where police do not your life harass,
No signs here and there "Keep off the grass,"
No streets that are always littered with trash,
No city demands for all of your cash.

Life on a farm isn't lively and gay,
But people forever are not in your way,
There is always a place and also a time
On a farm, if you will, to see the divine.

A million stars that each have a smile,
They give you strength for your every trial,
By day the firmament of blue above,
Reminding and filling you with His love.

We like to hear the droning of bees,
And listen to birds high up in the trees,
What odds if we are but country hicks,
The car we drive is a Studebaker Six!

—The Car with Character.

Receipts Tried and Useful

Here's just a few receipts for you,
But some of them may not be new.
To try them once will do no harm,
So don't be quick to take alarm.

If you would make your biscuits light,
Drench them with gas and then ignite,
Before you serve them to your guest
Who dines with you at your request.

The easiest way to take out stains
Of fruit that in your linen remains,
Before the brightness of them withers,
Use any pair of common scissors.

If rats in your pantry are running about,
The surest way to keep them out,
Is to take the food down into the cellar,
See that the cook does what you tell her.

If accidents you desire to prevent
In the kitchen, then you will not resent,
This piece of advice of the "Ad" writer man,
To fill with water your kerosene can.

Write this one down and hang on a peg,
How to tell the freshness of a hen's egg,
Just find a place in your own back yard,
And drop it down where the surface is hard.

If a problem confronts you with the men,
And you are perplexed to entertain them,
The truth of this knowledge no one refutes,
The best of all is to feed the brutes.

Here is the easiest way to entertain,
Women who visit and long remain,
Let them inspect your private papers.
Or show them a fleet of Six Studebakers.

—The Car with Character.

What the Years Hold

We once lived high up in a flat,
No dogs allowed, nor yet a cat,
But in the flat across the hall,
Both day and night was screech and bawl.

A Miss whose name was Ruby Wing,
Thought no one else could beat her sing,
Between her playing and her voice,
There was but little left for choice.

Had some man beating out the life
Of his good and faithful wife,
Made a discord that was worse,
We should have looked to see the hearse.

For hours she'd practice on the scale,
Then some exercises she'd assail,
Her life was one eternal flight,
From "C" to "C", from left to right.

When we at night came home from work,
She showed no sign that she would shirk
From singing on till she should die,
And make a song bird by and by.

We thought her singing very bad
And many times it made us mad,
But she said that we would see,
Some day a singer she would be.

Years we've had of sorrows and joys,
Since listening to her awful noise.
But a week ago we were surprised,
To hear the Star we once despised.

So with man, at twenty judge him not,
At forty he may be changed a lot,
If he's the stuff, success he'll crown,
Moral: Pomona will be a Studebaker town.

—*The Car with Character.*

Round the Circle

After so many years we are left alone,
Just us two in the dear old home.
The house was full of frolic and fun,
Before being left by daughter and son.

Through many years of hopes and fears,
'Mid childish laughter and some tears,
Life ever for us rolled steadily on,
Till through we sang the heavenly song.

We are now singing the sweet refrain,
As we blissfully start all over again,
Just as we did in years of yore,
In numbers now a couple of score.

Our table is set for two these days,
Since all of our children went their ways.
For every loss of daughter and son,
We now have two instead of one.

Their childhood days now all are done,
And childish hands to them have come.
They now are doing as we used to do,
While again our table is set for two.

Between us two we often find
Tears hard to keep from eyes they blind.
Whether at study or work or play,
We never once found them in the way.

Now when we think of the long ago,
At evening long as we read and sew,
Loving and merry as we gathered there,
For just us two it's hard to bear.

But their hearts are as ever fond and true,
They each love the table that is set for two,
With us they visit whenever they can
And park with us their Six Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Prize for Best Answer

When a woman gets the business bug,
The desire keeps pulling her with a tug,
What should we do with her?

To stand at a counter all the day long,
And hear not a bird of sweetest song,
Pounding at a typewriter day after day,
She says it would be the best of play.
What should we do with her?

When comforts all are in the home,
In business fields she wants to roam,
What should we do with her?
"Now a prominent corner it seems to me,
Would just be fine for serving tea."
She would serve the best of everything,
The work would make her always sing.
What should we do with her?

When ties of a long domestic life
Are dimmed by lure of business strife,
What should we do with her?
She could easily fill her money purse,
By learning to be a hospital nurse,
Read to the patients by night and day,
Would be delightful she is wont to say.
What should we do with her?

"When children are no longer around,
It would be fine to live in the town."
What should we do with her?
"There is many a woman this present day,
In business who is making it pay."
We advised the business of candy-maker,
Rejected in favor of Studebaker.
What should we do with her?

—*The Car with Character.*

Scenes of a Day

In one of the city's fine galleries of art,
One statue stood from the others apart.
The figure was draped with weave of the loom,
We thought her a bride of some happy groom.
Not so, the artist informed us with scorn,
The prudes have demanded we cover her form.

His anger did show quite plain in his face,
Because the nude statue was not in its place.
Against his fine art he thought it a crime,
That none could look on her form so divine.
We may be quite wrong but we, too, were agreed,
That Broadway, the gallery, will beat it for speed.

We vow there is work for the purity squad,
Here and there it is found in the everyday mob.
We are puzzled to know if they will in time,
Learn where is the place to draw down the line.
For practice we, to them, politely suggest,
Dame Nature for censure before all the rest.

When we were driving out home the same day,
The hills were all naked along the highway.
Wanton they lay to the zephyrs that blow,
We looked on their forms while driving quite slow.
The fields, too, we noted were all of them nude,
Yet, looking we knew that we were not rude.

All of the trees, the peach and the pear,
What do you think! their limbs were all bare.
When we stopped just to gaze at the groves unfrocked,
Not we! But, merciful heavens! the corn was shocked.
Moral: Rewards will come unto him who sticks,
And draws no curtains in his Studebaker Six.

When you are tested and tried in soul,
It's the burning of dross from silver and gold.
Years count for nothing in making a man,
It's just learning how to say bravely, "I can."

Straight is the Way

When a man in his heart is convicted of sin,
You would start him aright and labor with him,
In anger he turns in scoffing and mocking,
And says you are doing nothing but knocking.

When a man by practice has many cute tricks,
And in devious ways the people he picks,
He is ready to tell to another it's shocking,
When light is turned on he says we are knocking.

Corruption and vice when it raises its head,
And looks to the public for being well fed,
We'll ever be found quite busy its blocking,
How about him who says we are knocking?

Some things we pass them by for a time,
But we do assure you that's never a sign,
They are forgotten and peacefully rocking,
They're booked for a future well merited knocking.

No movement for good was ever begun,
That has not been protested by some,
It's those whose ways are threatened with stopping,
That make the loudest howl about knocking.

'Tis said those whom the gods would destroy,
They first make mad and stop all their joy,
It's always a sign he is caught in the hopper,
When you hear a man say another's a knocker.

The auto industry is cleaner today
Than when some dealers had their own way,
Now that used cars in the weather set rotting,
In desperate straits they yell about knocking.

Abuses and wrongs would grow and not stop,
If champions of right did never once knock,
When standards of business are what they should be,
To sell Studebakers we then will be free.

—*The Car with Character.*

Sparks from an Anvil

On East Second Street there's a blacksmith shop,
That reminds us of days we have not forgot,
When we watched with glee the Smith of the town,
As he pulled at the bellows first up and then down.

As the fire grew bright and the iron grew hot,
We beamed on the Smith in his own happy lot,
Rat-te-tat-tat was the chorus he played,
On the anvil as strong right arm he swayed.

Fluttering and sputtering then flying away,
Went sparks from the anvil as lightning at play,
Dashing and flashing to the tune of his heart,
Each spark in the picture had its little part.

Sparkling and darting they went through the air,
Scattering o'er floor and Smithy's old chair,
Soaring away through window and door,
Sparks from the anvil by many a score.

Lost in the light of a bright summer's day,
Like hide-and-go-seek of children at play,
Brighter and lighter all day they would flow,
Up from the anvil a shower and a glow.

Like stars of the night far up in the skies,
Like frightened and hurrying summer fireflies,
They glittered and frittered away their short life,
Like armies of men in wars bitter strife.

On Second quite often when passing each day,
We watch the good Smith while pounding away,
The sparks that all come from strong hammer blows,
Go dancing and prancing, where, nobody knows.

Thoughts will all scatter when leaving the heart,
Make them to gleam like each little spark,
Everywhere scatter them thick as the stars,
Like Six Studebaker Sedan motor cars.

—*The Car with Character,*

Swan Song of the Street Car

Pomona's street car lines we understand,
Will soon give way to the taxi band.
They can no longer make them pay,
Since the automobile has come to stay.

They may tear up their rails of steel,
They may annul their franchise deal,
But memories of the parts they have played
In our social life, they can not raid.

Those were the happy days of chance,
When they carried us to and from the dance.
When bride and groom so happy and gay,
On street cars made their get-a-way.

The days of the past will never come back,
When street cars in Pomona were packed.
Street cars once used for a funeral train,
Are now a part of the sad refrain.

In the days of our memory of which we write,
Street car conductors were always polite.
They would help the ladies get on and off,
Their caps they often, too, would doff.

Street cars when used by all in the land,
Was when a conductor was somebody grand.
His buttons of brass were a mark of rank,
His dignity never was marred by a prank.

Street cars in changes have made quite a few,
You wait for them now and they not for you.
Once they took your fare with a smile,
Now they grab it as in you pile.

In years of the past a man with pride,
Would take his girl for a street car ride.
But now when riding he wants to take her,
He drives to her home in a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Hoof and Mouth

Where did it start, none seem to know,
There is much being done to help it grow,
It gives to numbers good jobs of ease,
Hurrah! for the Hoof and Mouth disease.

It's good to make copy to fill paper space,
It's good to help agents insurance to place,
It's good to send many a business to rout,
Hurrah! for disease of the Hoof and Mouth.

'Tis said every man to his own line o' trade,
Politicians no less know how it is made,
Our state just gives a million or two,
Hurrah! Hoof and Mouth breaks out all anew.

Things run along and coffers get low,
Excitement begins to run rather slow,
Government wires us another supply,
Hurrah! Hoof and Mouth do not let it die.

Inspectors who visit from herd to herd,
Fumigation for them of course is absurd,
Why shouldn't they do just as they please,
Hurrah! it's their pet, Hoof and Mouth disease.

Smith fed some buttermilk to his calf,
Here comes an inspector and one of his staff,
One look and the news goes North and South,
Hurrah! a new case of the Hoof and Mouth.

Wherever you go they keep up the bluff,
They spray you, they flay you, they treat you rough,
Through dip you spin, they scrape your skin,
Hurrah! your Hoofs they trim, your Mouth look in.

This dreadful thing will soon run its course,
They've killed Willie Green's own pet hobby-horse,
Hoof and Mouth will soon be dropped in the papers,
Hurrah! it didn't get Six Studebakers.

—The Car with Character.

That Little Chip

Some people do their time employ,
In killing all they can of joy.
A chance they never will let slip,
To carry round a little chip.

When you get up at early morn,
And you are feeling full of scorn,
The curve is wrong upon your lip,
Then on your shoulder there's a chip.

You should then look into the glass,
And of yourself some questions ask,
Your lip some other angle tip,
And from your shoulder knock the chip.

Your friends will shun you on the street,
Your business poise you can not keep,
In many ways you'll make a slip,
If on your shoulder there's a chip.

You think all things are going wrong,
You find no place where you belong,
Life's nectar you've no mind to sip,
When on your shoulder there's a chip.

When you do not sleep good at night,
Make up your mind when it is light,
That on yourself you'll get a grip,
And from your shoulder keep the chip.

Go down the street with cheery heart,
Go through the day just as you start,
Take Nature's smiles in partnership,
And just forget the little chip.

When you are grouchy, sour and cross,
And everyone you try to boss,
With other people do not mix,
Go far away in a Special Six.

—*The Car with Character.*

Turning Tables

To a small country school did you ever go,
And a spit ball at some little fellow throw,
And take him right square in the ear,
When a squeal for fair from him you'd hear?

Did the teacher come to where you sat,
And say young man why did you do that,
And to her question sharp and cross,
Did you say you only gave it a toss?

Did you say you didn't throw hard at all,
The fellow's a baby or he wouldn't bawl,
Did your head get in one awful whirl,
When teacher said go and sit with a girl?

When you her seat shared scant one-half,
Did the rest of the school giggle and laugh,
Did it make you feel most awful cheap,
Was the punishment hard you had to reap?

Just for the sake of this little rhyme,
We'll call the girl's name Dorothy Stine,
Did she at first look some other way,
Do you recollect what happened that day?

Was it not after all more pleasure than trial,
To sit with Dorothy and gather her smile,
Girls don't you know can win a boy's heart,
If just helped along, did you do your part?

Did you share with her your apple and gum,
Did she help you out in doing a sum,
Did you think your punishment hard and severe,
Didn't you find Dorothy a sweet little dear?

To seat you with Dorothy the good teacher meant,
To inflict upon you the worst punishment,
Teachers not knowing it often turn matchmaker,
Girls like Dorothy get to drive a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Value of Thrift

Every man from day to day
Should save a portion of his pay.
If what you save is only small,
Still it's more than none at all.

There's not a man who doesn't know,
To pay is better as you go.
You'll find if you do not keep up,
You'll be forever on the jump.

It's not the savings that you make
That turn into a rich man's stake.
It's lessons soundly learned of thrift,
That are to you a priceless gift.

Do not discouraged ever be
Because the end you cannot see.
Many possessing the lion's part,
Had to make the poor man's start.

If some investments have not paid,
From the savings you have made,
The gift for thrift to you He gave,
You cannot lose if still you save.

The man who says no use at all,
Because his pay is only small,
Will say the same when multiplied,
For saving he has never tried.

Just save a five and then a ten,
And when you add some more again,
You're bound to make your saving score,
Each little makes a little more.

A motor car is like a man,
Some cannot save and others can,
The one of all that saves the most,
It's Studebaker's right to boast.

—The Car with Character.

What We Overheard

When walking down the street one day,
One woman to the others we heard say,
"I see by reading the daily papers,
They are selling a lot of new Studebakers."

We also overheard some more,
As one of them said to the other four,
"What do you think of the Studebaker 'Ad' writer,
Don't you think he's a mighty good fighter?"

"I think he is terribly horrid and mean,"
Said one of them who was tall and lean,
And when she said, "He writes with a sting,"
My! How both of our ears did ring.

"I wonder why they keep him around,
With Studebakers thick all over town,
Sometimes I almost wish he were dead,"
Said one of the five with the pretty red head.

"I wonder if Reynolds, the senior I mean,
Any of the 'Ads' he ever has seen,"
Again said the one we first overheard,
"Now I think he is a fine old bird."

"I doubt very much if he ever reads an 'Ad',
Or the junior who is the son of his dad,"
Said she of the party who was lean and tall,
"I wonder why they ever advertise at all."

Now you may think it is very, very, queer
That to hear all this we got so very near,
To hear a few things now and then is no strain,
When people all around are shouting our name.

The reason is not so very hard to find,
It's just giving service of the genuine kind,
This combined with the Studebaker car,
Why shouldn't people come from near and far?

—*The Car with Character.*

The Veteran Big Six

Long, long ago in the year '52,
This story began we are telling to you.
The Studebaker men, all of them brothers,
Then started to make vehicles for others.

They founded on principles safe and sure,
With strength of character built to endure,
Fulfilled with honor and credit their mission,
The name today is a nation's tradition.

Carriages, buggies and wagons in time,
Gave way for the building of autos, their line.
Better ones built man yet has not seen,
Just witness the Veteran Big Six of '19.

In miles Four Hundred Thousand and more,
This car has run on our far western shore.
In mileage the average per year run by men,
Its life of service is Three Score and Ten.

From the City of Angels two trips every day,
To fair Santa Barbara, back the same way.
Loaded with papers, the "Times" and "Express,"
Thousands each day this Veteran did bless.

Now scheduled to start on its triumphal run,
From Los Angeles on Monday at noon by the sun.
Bound for New York and then to South Bend,
A place in the museum the years there to spend.

When life for us, too, has run its full course,
We review its passing on down from its source,
We'll know we'll not have lived all in vain,
If the world through us has made the same gain.

To this Veteran Big Six and its service career,
We shout you our praises your long way to cheer,
Your service was noble to Los Angeles papers,
Peace go with you, now, and all Studebakers.

—*The Car with Character.*

Weighed in the Balance

Some authors write their books for good,
And so would others if they could.
Some use materials straight from hell,
And only write them just to sell.

With publishers it's just the same,
Some are careful with their name.
Others with no conscience tell
They publish only what will sell.

Some artists, too, are most divine,
Their paintings all are simply fine.
To all who see them they inspire
To noble thought and pure desire.

Yet others with the artists' gift,
Paint nothing, men to upward lift.
They paint for markets easy sold,
They prostitute their work for gold.

In music it is also true,
Without return from me or you,
Some write with Christian inspiration,
They are the blessed of the Nation.

Only jazz do some compose
In which no music ever goes.
Their souls no higher ever rise,
They write for only checks of size.

Now which we wonder will some day,
Have come to him the biggest pay.
The one who's given all for men,
Or he who's sold his brush or pen.

Talents trampled just for fame,
Are talents brought to endless shame.
Whate'er you do make good and true,
Like Six Studebaker through and through.

—*The Car with Character,*

We Have Had A-Plenty

This tale we weave, queer it may seem,
It may be true, may be a dream,
But dreams they say sometimes are true,
If true for us, they are for you.

Pomona was peaceful day by day,
Pursuing the tenor of her way,
Someone, but we do not know who,
Stirred to the bottom a mucky slough.

In headlines bold in type of black,
They put Pomona on the rack.
We hung our heads in mortal shame,
For prominent citizens they would name.

If this were true we did declare,
The rest of us their shame would share.
This tale of the underworld of lust,
Has drug Pomona's name in dust.

Now after all the fuss and noise,
'Tis only just mistakes of boys.
Not a single citizen of proud name,
Is found mixed in this tale of shame.

No good comes from such tales to air,
Besmirch our name that is so fair,
Our civic, moral and social life,
Is hurt but by this lower strife.

Our one and only just concern,
Is punish guilty in his turn.
This thing should be but "in the day's work,"
Why all this noise and boasting smirk!

This grand-stand play we've had enough,
We care not who stirred up the stuff.
If you don't like our city, shake her,
The quickest way out is a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Curiosity

A man in Pomona very well known,
Started with matches, a sigh and a groan,
Down into his cellar determined to find
A leak in his gas, the main service line.
You wonder, I know, when matches he lit,
If he was successful in finding it.

He was.

A cousin of ours was set on a hunt,
He said it would be a mighty fine stunt.
His trappings and dogs he got all around,
His gun no better has yet been found.
But barrel was rusty, our cousin it goaded,
He looked to see if the thing was loaded.

It was.

A cowboy said, "I've heard for years,
With rope of hair there are no fears.
Just coil it round your bed at night
And rattlesnakes will never bite."
The snakes around him they did lurk,
His life was safe if rope would work.

It wouldn't.

Hanging from the house's wing,
A wire that seemed a harmless thing,
Attracted Rufus Brown's attention,
And he could never stand suspension.
He started up and made a strive
To find if it was just alive.

It was.

Si Perkins was a hypnotist,
It never failed, he did insist.
Hypnotic powers he tried to make 'er,
Buy him for less a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

You wonder if it worked for him,
If he bought for less than Jim.

He didn't.

Somebody Great

That fellow going down the street,
Said a friend, to us, you ought to meet.
Ask him some day to you relate
Why he should be somebody great.

They used to say when he was nine,
That he was coming right in line
To make a governor for the state,
Or fill some other place as great.

For friends he chose the older boys,
He never took to youthful toys,
He led in every school debate,
Gave promise of somebody great.

He studied every language taught,
Knowledge on every hand he sought,
They said you've only got to wait
To see him be somebody great.

In time he was a college man,
Ahead of all the class he ran,
He was a favorite candidate
To be somebody very great.

When he had grown to twenty-one,
All his college days were done,
Jobs were offered him to take,
But he would be somebody great.

He now is sixty years of age,
No useful work does he engage,
His mind is filled with scorn and hate,
He should have been somebody great.

Failures made are often through
Pride above work you should do.
Show us a Studebaker duplicate,
And we'll show you somebody great.

—*The Car with Character.*

Home Town Tribute

POMONA! Goddess of Fruit! We determine to know
not your mistakes; we determine to see not your
faults; we love you.

We honor you and have enshrined you in Art in our
Studebaker Home.

We will stake our all in weaving ideals into the woof and
fibre of your life.

We will serve you with loyalty no less than one hundred
per cent.

We help to advertise you; we help to build you.

Beautiful you are, indeed, but more than all else, you are
the best town, in the best world we know.

You are ours and we are yours.

From Dreamland Sent

Of all the foolish things we know,
Conceived in heaven or earth below,
Are dreams that come to us at night,
Dreams of pleasure and of fright.

We've dreamed of falling, so have you,
Down in a pit, with dragons, too.
But somehow, we would never strike
Before we'd wake and it was light.

We've dreamed of flying many times,
To foreign lands and sunny climes.
When we woke up we felt so grand
To find we still were in our land.

We once did dream we fought a nigger,
Compared with us he was much bigger.
We punched his nose, we pulled his hair,
When we woke up he was not there.

We dreamed again that we could swim,
And we were at it with a vim.
But when we got an awful cramp
We woke with perspiration damp.

The dream that cost us lots of cash,
Was when we had an auto smash.
It was the maid as we turned o'er
Just coming home and slammed the door.

Another dream that much it cost,
Was when the fruit was bit by frost.
But that was in the year, too soon,
For it was in the month of June.

We dreamed we lunched the other day,
And not a cent we had to pay.
They served a bigger cut of pie
Than in Pomona you can buy.

We'll ne'er forget when we did dream,
Our shirts, the laundry washed 'em clean.
But when to us again they came,
The dirt was ironed in just the same.

The best dream we have ever had,
Could it be true, we would be glad.
It was a trainload held by breakers
Of all the styles of Studebakers.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Two Doctors

For friends to meet from the earth around,
California's a general stamping ground,
Yet, we were surprised to meet one day,
On the street, a boyhood friend in play.
Like father before he is now an M. D.,
And our memory went to the "used to be."

Our family physician revered and loved,
Like a ministering angel sent from above.
He practiced by long tradition and rule,
True friend and a doctor of the old school.
We see him now and his faithful mare,
On the village streets going here and there.

Like two old friends they went their way,
As both were growing old and gray.
When the good M. D. went to his rest,
Many secrets locked were in his breast.
We know not why in the present day,
We give the doctors just their pay.

For throb of pains and aching ills,
He carried some powders and many pills,
All safely kept beneath his seat
And at the sound of his horse's feet
Grew moist with love none such can find,
Some fond mother's eyes with tears would blind.

Held to her breast the babe of her life,
The whole paradise of a mother and wife,
The good doctor would feel the fluttering heart,
While he murmured words to help the smart,
The same with all who for him did send,
He was father, brother, doctor, friend.

So we gladly hailed our friend from the east,
The son of our doctor who is sleeping in peace.
His patients, too, he shares their joys,
Especially when he brings them boys.
But not as old doctor driving his mare,
Young doctor in Studebaker drives everywhere.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Invisible Choir

There's many things in this old world
We can not understand.
We've learned a few we never knew
While selling cars so grand.
We've found that first whate'er we do,
Will never suit the quizzible,
If we don't ask about our task
And please the choir invisible.

We blocked the Used Car market plan,
And firmly took our stand,
We don't believe in doing things
Not right, because we can.
We went our way, we're going yet,
We're firm and not divisible.
Of course we know we have no show,
To please the choir invisible.

We won't be choked from writing "ads."
A boycott will not work.
The help of all the city dads
Will never make us shirk.
We shout our product near and far,
It makes us feel quite risible,
Because we have the better car,
To ride the choir invisible.

No car by us was ever sold
On which we took a cow that's old,
To make the other fellow think,
He'd beat us good and cold.
Such things amuse us not at all,
It's not with us permissible.
We deal in cars and seven per cent
And listen to the choir invisible.

When we hear an echo from
A far and distant town,
We know that something we have done
Has just been passed around.
Our acts we for do firmly stand,
Not one has yet been hissable.
We plug along and hear the song
Of tuneful choir invisible.

Not in the Count

Just ask a man if the truth he tells,
Whene'er he speaks or just by spells.
Whoever he is we just surmise
That he will say he tells no lies.

When a man tells you he never lies,
With the truth he never breaks his ties,
He'll stand for the truth until he dies,
He stands a chance for the liar's prize.

A man goes rushing down the street,
To a special appointment he must keep,
Detain him while his time it flies,
"No matter," he says, but he only lies.

A man his wife does buy a hat,
It makes her look both short and fat,
"Your hat is just divine," he cries,
It's best to lie and so he lies.

An agent in your office comes,
With business he just fairly hums,
I'm glad I met you and goodbyes,
Are your adieus, and they are lies.

You tell your preacher Sunday morn,
You ne'er have heard since you were born,
A sermon more profound and wise,
You know you are only telling lies.

You meet a lady with a child,
She tells you it is meek and mild,
You see the devil in his eyes,
And then you know the lady lies.

You look at cars of different makes,
Some have built in them mistakes,
Now you had better watch the guys,
That's not to say they tell you lies.
Studebaker is sturdy through and through,
Is not a lie and we tell it to you.

—*The Car with Character,*

Everyone's Game

Life must everyone undertake,
Some a success of it will make,
Others a failure quite complete,
While others the two will half way meet.

What you make of life will depend,
On how you make your life to trend.
Keep your character free of stain,
Work with all your might and main.

Do not to others charge the blame,
If you fail to make in life a name.
You must yourself supply the efficiency,
With a goodly amount of dogged persistency.

Whatever success in life you make,
Do not to yourself all credit take,
Success is not in yourself alone,
It's helped by others around you thrown.

If you fail in things you undertake,
Others are quick to you forsake,
If you make good in the things you do,
Others will gladly see you through.

The world will listen to what you say,
If you have learned to make it pay,
The world will follow you where you go,
If you have learned to hoe your row.

Put into your life in fullest measure,
Industry and honesty, a little pleasure,
Integrity stir with some agility,
Add to the whole your best ability.

The world is ready for you and waiting,
If you are prepared for its undertaking,
Men on whom it smiles and picks,
Are quality men like Studebaker Six.

—The Car with Character.

Man's Impotent Passion

Let not your angry passions rise,
Your acts in anger are unwise.
Anger manages all things badly,
Keep cool and you command them gladly.

Weapons you give unto your foe,
When you once let your anger go.
Though anger passes away in time,
It leaves you never quite so fine.

There's nothing you can gain or win,
When angry with ought else but sin.
With sin alone you'll angry be,
If you in anger from sin be free.

Do not make up your want of reason,
With wrath that's ever out of season,
Things that you do when in a rage,
You will repent and pay the wage.

When angry think before you speak,
Try some gentler way to seek,
Keep in mind God's looking on,
'Twill help from anger keep you strong.

He who can't be angry is a fool,
But wise who does his anger rule,
'Tis well to rule it with your will,
Preventing it is better still.

You may forgive a fit of rage,
And likewise one you do engage,
But you nor he will e'er forget,
When each with anger was beset.

When you let angry passions rise,
Dignity takes swift wing and flies.
'Tis better to keep your passions down,
Like Studebaker owners all over town.

—*The Car with Character.*

Genius' Reward

A genius, you say, you'd like to be,
Great thoughts you'd like to set them free,
You long for inspiration great,
Stupendous works to consummate!

'Tis well that you should understand
What makes a real ingenious man.
You have it within your power to make
A man of genius with promise great.

You must pay to win the prize,
There's much to do if you would rise.
Genius is not but a single power,
It is never won within an hour.

Some say in man is genius born,
While others are ready to you inform,
It is only powers in combination,
Executed with all your concentration.

Genius is not confined to nation,
It is independent of situation,
It is mostly work with intensity
And patience of vast immensity.

The work you have in hand to do,
Profoundly study it through and through.
Place not your dependence on inspiration,
Be generous in giving it perspiration.

Your object in life first clearly discern,
Your powers to it then constantly turn.
Genius comes to him who sticks
With vigilance to a purpose fixed.

A genius all the world admires,
To do him honor the world conspires.
To honor the factory's ingenious man,
The world is driving Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Quick and the Dead

We write each day for printed page,
According to how our thought is swayed,
Often as though from shallow brain,
At times the soul we seek to drain.

Our stuff we know sometimes is bad,
To give it birth our heart is sad,
We feel at times it's fairly good,
Just why, we never have understood.

Our thoughts take wings and go their ways,
Thrown off as souls reflecting rays,
To strengthen spirits, cheer the heart,
More courage give for life its part.

These songs we write in verse and rhyme,
Give pleasure to our passing time,
They come as natural as our breath,
How long has each before its death?

Some we write with mind to please,
Praise we've had for some of these,
But well we know when they've been read,
Before the day is done they're dead.

Some we write to play with words,
When thoughts run like the song of birds,
These may not so quickly die,
May live to see the year go by.

It's those we write to please ourself,
Without a thought for fame or pelf,
And send them forth with doubts and fears,
We feel will last beyond our years.

We write them from the depth of heart,
And feel they have some vital part,
To give them life for years of time,
Like Six Studebakers the people are buyin'.

—The Car with Character.

All Not Alike

He told to us his sad complaint,
He made no claim to be a saint,
But he was mad enough to swear,
His wife had bobbed her head of hair.

He told us how he loved her dear,
Was married last week just a year,
No wife in all the world so fair,
Now she had gone and bobbed her hair.

He had taken her for good or bad,
Always been happy that he had,
In all his pleasures had a share,
Before she bobbed her head of hair.

Now she has cut her tresses off,
Looks like a posey bit by frost,
But she's in style and doesn't care,
To be in style she bobbed her hair.

He said it was an awful crime,
Her head of hair made her divine,
Now her looks will throw a scare,
Since she has bobbed her head of hair.

Her head was like the evening glow,
Her tresses they did softly flow,
Now no tresses has she there,
Since she has bobbed her lovely hair.

When her mind was firmly set,
That in the latest style she'd get,
To change her ail was blank despair,
She was bound to bob her hair.

Life's interest now has fallen flat,
She's nothing left worth looking at.
"You couldn't sell me a Studebaker car,"
He said, "if body had mark and scar."

—The Car with Character.

Patience Brings Its Rewards

A man brought in to us his car,
It looked as it had traveled far.
He said it was a splendid bus
And he would trade it in to us.

"It starts quite easy you can see,"
As he grasped the wheel with glee.
But failing gave the clutch a yank,
And then he climbed right out to crank.

Again he climbed up to his seat,
When that old car began to heat.
He looked at us a little shy,
His radiator tank was dry.

He filled the tank up full again,
And then he cranked with might and main.
But when she started with a cough,
The differential then was off.

When that repair was duly made,
And tools he used away were laid,
He started up again the freak,
But found a tire had sprung a leak.

When tire was mended hard and fast,
He thought his troubles sure were past,
He cranked again the old machine,
But he was out of gasoline.

We gave him gas a gallon or more,
The man was surely getting sore.
He tried once more to make a start,
But there was not a sign of spark.

He still contended to the last,
His car had all the others passed.
"I'd like to trade her in to you,
For a Studebaker new." (He did.)

—*The Car with Character.*

Where Courage Dwells

If you would struggle when hope is gone,
Without life's salt live calmly on,
With dreams you've had all vanished in air,
Learn to have courage to do and dare.

If you would suffer and yet be strong,
Know how to forgive the bitterest wrong,
This world for you has a place to spare,
If you have the courage to do and dare.

If you would know how to labor and wait,
Have a heart that is strong for any fate,
Be up and doing achieving your share,
Be a man of courage to do and dare.

The bravest hearts are always the best,
Ones with courage that nothing can wrest,
Faith and courage are a working pair,
Employed by all who do and dare.

If you would learn life's lesson clear,
You must each day surmount a fear,
Bravely face your trouble and care,
You can do it with courage to do and dare.

True courage is conscience in the soul,
That speeds us on to reach the goal,
Heed not its voice, you should beware,
If brave you would be to do and dare.

Wealth and friends may from you fall,
But lose your courage you lose your all,
God pity the man of bravery bare,
No courage left to do and dare.

Let your courage be always sharp and keen,
Keep it always polished, bright and clean,
Like Six Studebakers you see everywhere,
With power a-plenty and some to spare.

—The Car with Character.

If We Had the Time

Part 1. The Sublime

If we had the time there are many things
We have long desired and would surely do,
But which through many lingerings,
We have left undone or left to you.

We would like to know our neighbors better,
And so we would, if we had the time.
We would write that long neglected letter,
No more delay, if we had the time.

Our life each day is always a rush,
We would find a place, if we had the time,
Where things are quiet and all is hush
And see our soul, if we had the time.

In life we would like to take our part
And share the joy, if we had the time.
With our thoughts look up and read His heart
And hear His voice, if we had the time.

There is much we would like to know from you
To help us on, if we had the time.
We would like to know of the things you do,
To us inspire, if we had the time.

Part 2. The Ridiculous

Golf is a game that is played by all,
We would, too, if we had the time.
We would like to knock the little ball
And play with you, if we had the time.

Our streets where railroads cross are rough,
We'd take them slow, if we had the time.
When the cow bawls nine the sound is tough
And we'd retire, if we had the time.

We would take the city dads aside
For some advice, if we had the time.
We would tell them what it is to ride
In a Six Studebaker, if we had the time.

—The Car with Character.

Crowned

Do you know what it is to be out of work,
Salesman, laborer, artisan, clerk,
Did things take on a look of despair?
We know what it is for we have been there.

Did the sky look dark and bedim your sight,
Did it seem to you that nothing went right,
Did greeting you get with a stony stare?
We know what it is for we have been there.

Did you think the world had all gone awry,
As work each day to find you would try,
Hungry and tired was your cupboard bare?
We know what it is for we have been there.

Was the song of birds a plaintive refrain,
Never give up try again and again,
Let go of your courage you never would dare?
We know what it is for we have been there.

Did you wonder why you had ever been born,
Did you fight the demon of old forlorn,
Contend with fear to the roots of your hair?
We know what it is for we have been there.

When a man is out of a job of work,
He is ambitious and hates a shirk,
It's tough to not share in Nature's plan
Of work intended for each living man.

We learned in years that are past and gone,
Darkest hours of night precede the dawn,
So it is in life when out of a job,
Success is ahead some less than a rod.

When out of a job, with an active brain
And courage and grit you'll get in the game.
Success is to him who is plucky and sticks,
It awarded its crown to Studebaker Six.

—*The Car with Character.*

Man: Free-Born Agency

He told us he would not believe
A thing his eyes could not receive,
Miracles of a forgotten age
Were only myths of printed page.

He said that it was his contend,
God would today His miracles send,
If He in ages gone performed,
We would today by them be warned.

We told him we could not conceive,
How he himself could so deceive,
His miracles to us are never rare,
We see them round us everywhere.

Winter wraps the earth in snow,
From north the chilling breezes blow,
The earth is touched by breath of spring,
We see His miracle in the thing.

We see His miracle in the rose,
We see it in the melting snows
Trickling to the restless seas,
His miracles seen in both of these.

The tulip's cup is crimson stained
By air transparent He's sustained,
The fragrance of carnation's bloom,
His miracle working gracious boon.

What think ye of the lily's splendor
In sluggish places nurtured tender,
'The violets' smiling in the sun,
Are things by miracles He has done.

He's given us eyes these things to see,
To believe or doubt He's left us free.
If you are a doubting incredulous man,
Play safe! Drive a Six Studebaker Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Building Material

As in heart a man thinketh, so is he,
Said one, the truth of which all will agree.
Every lad this saying should ponder well,
Turn thought to the good and let it dwell.

Your thought will have a great deal to do
With what you will make of only you.
Mastery of mind and thought will shape
The kind of a man you ought to make.

Neglect your mind and turn it loose,
Fill with idle thought of harmful use,
Disregard its sowing to useful seed,
As a man you will reap the useless weed.

Cultivated thoughts will character make,
Thoughts neglected a life of mistake,
But whether neglected or tended with care,
A harvest you'll have, they never are bare.

Your mind, my lad, to be healthy and strong,
Must be weeded of all you know is wrong.
Impure thoughts are useless to you,
Nothing but harm are they known to do.

Sow seeds of purity, honor, sobriety,
Cultivate them with thought in ways of piety,
Keep a resolute, brave and hopeful mind,
'Twill yield you a life more truly divine.

Your future is in your own hands, my boy,
It is up to you to make or destroy.
You have won the battle before you've fought,
If wisely and well you direct your thought.

The world is wanting and sorely needs,
Men grown from lads of permanent deeds,
The kind with the courage to say, "I can,"
Who today are driving Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Rough and Ready

For what you are doing be a booster,
Be just like the farmer's rooster,
He is always crowing loud and long.
You should always keep a yelling,
Telling people what you're selling,
You should put the spirit in your song.

If your job you are growing tired,
You should then ask to be fired,
And hunt another one to better suit.
Then make up your mind to like it,
If you don't you'd better hike it,
For your chance is good to get the boot.

Give all your strength to be a getter,
Times will then be much the better,
Be a man who always has a smile.
Be always strong to take a licking,
Let some other do the kicking,
Dig right in and make your little pile.

Keep in mind the war is over,
There is plenty of green clover
In the pastures that are all around.
Do not spend your time in waiting,
There's nothing gained in just debating,
The hay to make is growing in the ground.

You should every moment watch it grow,
Prepare against the time to mow,
Let the world around you know you are alive.
If you move as you were nearly dead,
The quickest way's a dose of molten lead,
Drones are never wanted in a hive.

To get along be up and doing,
There's plenty more to do the stewing,
Keep on the move and you will get the kale.
With greatest care don't let your head
Be filled with things of doubt and dread,
Set your trusty sail determined not to fail.

The man that's got the lasting stuff,
Who tackles not the smooth but all the rough,
Is sure to win and be a money-maker.
The man who makes a stumble and a fall,
And then is quick again to rise at duty's call,
Is built of stuff like that in Stude-baker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Watch for the Thief

They say the chance to each does come
But once in life and then it's done.
When opportunity does knock,
Your door you must not turn the lock.

It's a most greivous sight to see
A man with opportunity,
Who fails to fully measure up,
Who has to drink the bitter cup.

When you let in procrastination
And its companion vacillation,
You are slowly, surely, slipping,
Your pedestal is in the tipping.

You should watch your every step,
Each precious moment should be met,
Do not delay but keep in mind
Procrastination is the thief of time.

If you put off from day to day,
To find a more convenient way
To do the thing that should be done,
By better men you will be shun.

The time and place to do a thing,
To help you make your business ring,
Is in the ever blessed present,
It makes your life so very pleasant.

The man who does procrastinate,
Has many like him for a mate.
Our offices are full of such,
They never earn so very much.

But take the man that's up and coming,
His life will not be long of drumming,
He'll climb the fence that separates
The clerks from officers sedate.

A good man you can not hold down,
The man who does the moments crown,
The man for whom procrastination
There is no worse abomination.

Procrastination can not claim
To help you on to worthy gain.
Don't let yourself be a mistaker
By putting off a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Treasure of Memory

There's many blessings that life holds dear,
We see them mount from year to year.
There's home and friends and many kin,
And parents fond who shield from sin.
But the greatest blessing and one of joy,
Is the memory of times when we were a boy.

The days are gone of sleds and skates,
Of marbles and tops and swimming dates.
The days are gone of snow-ball fights,
And, too, the days when we flew kites.
But the blessing of memory of times so dear,
Will ever remain from year to year.

We'll ne'er forget the days of school,
The lickings we got with a heavy rule.
We'll ne'er forget the girls we knew,
And how we bought them gum to chew.
Oh, memory sure is a blessed thing,
If the things we remember have no sting.

We like to think of the harvest days,
When grain was gathered in primitive ways.
The husking bees, the barn dance, too,
And driving cows through the sparkling dew.
There's none so sweet as days gone by,
For memory keeps them always nigh.

Our courtship days in years of yore,
We love to live them o'er and o'er.
We never then were quite dismayed,
No vain forebodings round us played.
These are memories we would keep
And grateful feel for memory sweet.

The days of building home are dear,
The days of hope and not a fear.
And, too, the days of toil and strife
Are now to us a part of life.
All days of years now past and gone,
Are blest with memory like a song.

When hair is gray and eyes are dim,
We'll credit all in life to Him.
Ungrateful we would surely be
To not give thanks for memory.
It holds for us and for the maker
The long career of Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

When your task brings black despair,
There's something then that shouldn't be there.
Whether it's you or the work you do,
You or your work must not be true.

School Days

In years of yore it made us sore,
 When teacher called our name,
And said next Friday afternoon,
 You're one that must declaim.
Now we were always timid quite,
 To stand before the school,
But declamations once a week,
 Was teacher's golden rule.

There's nothing to declaim about,
 We then did fairly shout.
Then teacher said with nasty flout,
 Keep still or you go out.
But teacher loaned us many books,
 And all she did indorse,
And that is how we came to tell
 The school about the horse.

One book had pictures and a tale
 That sounded very fine,
But we could never memorize
 No more than just a line,
We then proceeded right away
 To join a horses' band,
And study horses in their play,
 And learn them out of hand.

We then declaimed to all the school,
 Don't take us for a fool,
We find the horse is good to work,
 And bigger than a mule.
He has two eyes so very keen,
 They see when you are coming,
In front two feet and two behind,
 That move when he is running.

He has two ears with which he hears,
And tail to scare the flies,
Sometimes he balks but never talks,
By eating he survives.
Some are bay and some are gray,
And some of color muggy,
The big and tall look best of all,
In a Studebaker buggy.

If we again had to declaim
And take a teacher's jars,
We'd tell you all about mistakes
Of certain motor cars.
We'd tell it true in words a few,
The car of any maker,
Is one we sell, the best for you,
And made by Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Unbeatable Combination

They tell us we're an awful booster,
We crow as loud as any rooster.
But what of that! Look where we're at!
In Southern California standing pat.

We've been up north, we've been down south,
In all this land of wet and drouth.
The east is just an awful bore,
And makes us love our state the more.

The man from down New York will say,
From Yonkers west is wild and gay.
There's nothing else so big to him
As old New York so full of sin.

And how the Boston man does swell,
He thinks the rest are just a sell.
He lives on nothing else but culture,
All else is but an awful rupture.

We tried Missouri first on earth,
Our boyhood days were full of worth.
We'll ne'er forget our struggles there,
We went but once to the county fair.

Then Kansas next was in our line,
At first we thought her very fine.
But when the hot winds burned us up,
It was the dregs of a bitter cup.

Good Illinois, it seemed but fair,
Should have a chance, our life to share.
Despite Chicago's world of crime,
She seemed to us almost divine.

Now old Chicago may suit you,
And old New York and Boston, too.
But there is rest in the boundless west,
Where every man is at his best.

Out here in California's sun,
We've work to do, we're never done.
This good old state has brought us health!
Why shouldn't we boost her boundless wealth!

California has one combination,
There is nothing like it in creation.
Good roads and climate and fresh air
And Studebakers everywhere.

—*The Car with Character.*

Last night when Pa got home from work,
He stopped his auto with a jerk.
He was mad enough at Ma to shake her,
Because his choice was Studebaker.

The quest for happiness is strong within us all, and we seek it on every hand, yet it is the bond twixt God and man, the touch divine in all we plan.

To get everything, some people kick to get everything a kick will bring. But promotion never comes from kicks, it only comes to him who sticks.

One Despised

Of all the creatures on this earth,
The ones we do despise,
Are snakes that sneak and walk the ground,
As well as those that crawl around.
That lay in wait or lurk about,
And take you by surprise,
No more loathsome slimy thing,
Could man or God above devise.

Between the kind that only crawl,
And those that use their feet,
All men despise the one of mind,
The others you can find.
The crawlers hiss before they strike,
When one of them you meet,
But those in human form divine,
Sly and winning walk the street.

The serpents were by God decreed,
On bellies they should crawl,
But life was given unto man,
To do with it the best he can.
More loathsome, serpents could not be,
Or further could they fall,
But this we know and sometimes see,
A loathsome man is worse than all.

We can forgive impetuous acts,
That come from passion blind,
Murder, arson or any crime,
For which men do a felon's time.
But him who ruins the lives of boys,
Should be condemned by all mankind,
His lust desires, the boy inspires,
Debases body, soul and mind.

If one in town has fall'n so low,
Of guilt there is no doubt,
Our duty surely must be plain,
To put him where he can't again.
Others, too, would fall his prey,
If he's set free and he's run out,
And, too, some day he might return
And in a Six ride all about.

—*The Car with Character.*

Then and Now

There are many tourists, now, these days,
Coming out here by various ways,
To spend the winter in our sunny clime.
Many of them choose by auto to come,
Across the desert of the burning sun,
And all of them say they had a hot time.

Now some of them while in the desert dry,
Would run out of water, with a clear sky,
The thing they most needed for life to sustain.
They looked all around for the old time supply,
And nothing was left but cactus to try,
But none of the tourists were heard to complain.

Some years ago, much less than a score,
A Bush there grew on the hot desert floor,
To many a tourist a welcome sight.
The cactus compared with the drink it gave,
Has made some tourists to madly rave,
When arguments sure would end in a fight.

This life giving shrub no more can be found,
For some with care have searched all around,
Then hoping, yet vainly, they onward push.
They never will find it, we are quite sure,
For it is extinct, no more will it lure,
When grown it was known as Anheuser Busch.

Its liquid was usually served in a mug,
Before it was killed by the Volstead Bug,
The tourists, now, have found something new.
The species with care is generally grown,
By those who the fate of the Bush do bemoan,
With fondness and pride they call it Home Brew.

It thrives in the dark and secluded places,
It is cultivated and watched by many races,
But it is not known to reach great age.
To those who like now and then a stew,
Are strong to grow their own Home Brew,
Since the Volstead Bug broke from his cage.

The Volstead Bug we know is not slow,
It caught the bird well known as Old Crow,
No one is now allowed to make her.
The Volstead Bug is not a big fool,
It put out, too, that old White Mule,
But these have none to do with Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Way to Inward Peace

Every day in every way
 If we are truly wise,
We should not fail our thanks to give
 For being just alive.
It gives to us the chance to love,
 To work and also play,
And then to look up at the stars
 When night has followed day.
For life we should indeed be glad,
 And for the chance it gives,
To scatter kindness all around,
 The thing that longest lives.
Life is to us a constant joy
 If we are always satisfied
With our possessions great or small,
 No matter how diversified.

'Tis well for us to be content
With things we do possess,
But till we make the best of them,
We miss our blessedness.
If life would give us all it holds,
We should no thing despise,
Except the mean deceitful things
And all of worldly lies.

We should be thankful we are here
And nothing should we fear,
Except the things of cowardice
Wherever they appear.
Disgusts of ours we never should,
Allow to govern one of us,
But rather with our admirations,
We should make the biggest fuss.

Nothing of our neighbors should
We covet for ourselves,
Except his heart of kindness
That in his bosom dwells.
It gives us better peace of mind
To often think of friends,
And keep our thoughts from enemies
The devil to us sends.

It's well to spend the time we can
With body and with spirit,
Out with the things of Nature,
The voice of God to hear it.
And then for life and all it is,
Give thanks unto our Maker.
He's in the air, He's everywhere,
And so is Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Everybody Loves Him

Whene'er we see a man that's fat,
To him we always lift our hat.
A fat man has intrinsic worth
That measures well up to his girth.

The fat man is a child of fate,
Smiles he does assimilate.
No one there is who better knows
How to enjoy serene repose.

As he's a perfect right to do,
Rolls through the world and laughs at you.
No trouble seems to worry him,
Like one who's always growing slim.

We must admit the man that's fat,
And wears an extra size of hat,
Is won't to bask in virtues smile,
In sweet contentment all the while.

A fat man everybody loves,
No gentler creatures are the doves.
Man should be fat, he really should,
If he would be entirely good.

No fat man gets to be a churl,
He always has the nicest girl,
And we believe it is agreed,
No fat man ever comes to need.

He always lives upon the best,
No food he can not well digest.
He's never weighted down with cares,
A heart that's big his bosom bears.

Whate'er he sees and wants he takes,
He will not own a car that shakes,
Eats only food an adipose maker,
And drives a Big Six Studebaker.

—The Car with Character.

Get Aboard

These modern times when all is hum,
You've got to step or be outdone.
Days now when all is specialized,
Men are required with brain of size.

To get ahead use lots of pep,
Help it along with springing step.
While on your way strew every mile,
Here and there a sunny smile.

The world behind will let you stay,
If you don't pull your load each day.
He who seeks to win its prize,
Must make his brain of larger size.

Stir the fire that's in your blood,
Strike your blows with sounding thud.
Renew the courage in your heart,
Bend your will to do your part.

This world moves on at lightning speed,
You've got to move or go to seed.
Ambition grows or else it dies,
Success is his alone who strives.

Throw off your load of doubt and fear,
Clean out your brain and keep it clear.
He that would in this world rise,
Must jump aboard while on it flies.

Make your brain connect with hand,
Make them meet each just demand.
Don't be of those who go half-way,
Stay through your task, 'twill you repay.

So while this world in lightning time,
Spins on its way don't get behind.
He who skill and brains does mix,
Will drive a Big Studebaker Six.

—The Car with Character.

Cleaning House

'Tis well to clean your house in Spring,
The cobwebs brush from where they cling,
Clean well your house in every part,
And don't delay to make the start.

Don't let your labor cleaning cease,
Fear not to use your elbow grease,
From basement to the attic roof,
Make free from dirt your labor's proof.

When you have cleaned your domicile,
Work on yourself then for awhile,
Some place or other we have read,
There may be cobwebs in your head.

There still may be some little part,
Of ice and snow lodged in your heart,
And when you start to make the round,
Some notions queer may, too, be found.

If disposition you would groom,
Clear your soul of any gloom,
Get rid of all your old ideas,
Wear a smile to others please.

Throw wide the doors and air your heart,
Bid envy, scorn and hate depart,
When these no longer you endure,
Love moves in serene and pure.

Be sure your house is free of stain,
Look well in corners of your brain,
Drive out your everlasting sin
And let a little sunshine in.

The present is the time to start,
To clean your mind and soul and heart,
Make them bright and spick and span,
Like a Six Studebaker Big Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Vanity Fair

"Now Pa, come rest yourself," she said.

"It's early yet to go to bed.

I've put your slippers by your chair,
Your pipe and paper, too, are there."

He winked, and said, "Ma what's the game?

You know I'm neither blind nor lame,

Your kindness never tells me lies.

What do you want? for I am wise."

"Well Pa, you are the kindest man,

To me and both the girls and Dan.

Our neighbor has a brand new car,

That glides along without a jar."

"I did not mind her brand new hat,

It makes her look just like a cat.

I did not mind her other things,

But now a car she homeward brings."

"She rides at morning, noon and night.

Now do you think that it is right,

For her, with nose up in the air,

To never speak, but look and stare."

"I know just what is in her mind,

When our old car begins to grind,

Yet, we could buy her single four,

And never miss it from our store."

"If that's the way you feel," said Pa,

As his right arm went 'round our Ma,

"I'll tell you how this thing we'll fix,

Just trade our car in on a Six."

They went at once where others go.

The place with cars, the best, to show.

They both, as one, were quite agreed,

A six is far the best for speed.

"Now this is just the car, I know,"
Said Ma to Pa, "get out your dough.
We'll finish what she first began,
With this, our new Big Six Sedan."

Then Pa and Ma made quite a stir,
When neighbors heard their engine purr.
They did not have to ask who made 'er.
They knew it was a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

When a body meets a body on the great highway,
Need a body ask a body what the people say.
Look into their faces, passing, smiles can say a lot,
The people, all, we send away are pleased with—
what they got.

Some Ringers

We have heard comparisons now and then,
Applied to some women as well as to men.
They are sometimes odious, sometimes queer,
And these are some we often hear.

"As poor as a church mouse," they can't give,
"As white as a sheet," too sick to live.
"As thin as a rail," he is worked too hard,
"As rough as a gale," but a dandy old pard.

"As fat as a hog," and a clumsy old cuss,
"As brave as a lion," could die if he must.
"As spry as a cat," when getting around,
"As weak as a rat," his mind isn't sound.

"As proud as a peacock," is that little girl,
"As full as a tick," his head's in a whirl.
"As sly as a fox," you had better watch out,
"As strong as an ox," he can turn it about.

"As fair as a lily," and, too, she is good,
"As rich as Croesus," could do if he would.
"As empty as air," is that rattle-brain,
"As cross as a bear" but he's full of pain.

"As pure as an angel," none dare say a word,
"As light as a feather" and flies like a bird.
"As neat as a pin" and walks very straight,
"As ugly as sin" but he does first rate.

"As dead as a doornail," nothing to him,
"As flat as a pancake," she will get in.
"As black as your hat," not worthy of trust,
"As blind as a bat," his eyes' full of dust.

"As dry as a herring," "as quiet as a quaker,"
"As fine as a fiddle" like Six Studebaker.
Comparisons a plenty for this little rhyme,
We'll give you some twenty at some other time.

—*The Car with Character,*

Around Town

We've many crossings that are bad,
And some that sure are really sad,
It's difficult to cross the things,
Without you break your auto springs.
Who's to blame?

Our patience many times is tried,
And many times we, too, have sighed,
Because the gates, of all are worst,
At Garey where it crosses First.
Who's to blame?

The street lamps down east Second street,
Would make the strongest man to weep.
They're placed in front of windows fine,
Instead of on the building line.
Who's to blame?

Pomona is they say quite dry,
No booze, no matter how you try.
But others say, with favored ones,
The booze like water freely runs.
Who's to blame?

The statue still is hanging fire,
The straits for funds are surely dire.
No two or three can quite agree,
On plans to set the statue free.
What's the matter?

Two cars head-on, together came,
Each had a most familiar name.
The people gathered all around,
While one, another man did pound.
What's the matter?

When turning corners rather short,
You shouldn't give a quick retort.
Policemen are not always kind,
Your business you had better mind.
What's the matter?

A man fell from a building high,
It broke his neck and he did die.
The ambulance took him away,
And still the crowd, around would stay.
What's the matter?

In our department of Used Cars,
Are many makes including Stars.
There's many buyers full of glee,
And other people just to see.
What's—? Selling cars, of course!

—*The Car with Character.*

Each morn when we shave,
Our wife says we rave,
When we quote a new verse to our song.
She says don't you sleep,
Or take time to eat,
And what do you do all day long.

If It Were Up To You

A man was out in a frail canoe,
He had his wife and his mother, too.
A storm came up, the waves ran high,
The wife and the mother began to cry.

The boat did lurch and then turned o'er,
No cries were heard in the awful roar.
Despair gripped all as they went in,
For none could swim excepting him.

They were at least a mile from shore,
No help at hand but just an oar.
The man, he knew, he must be brave,
And try himself and one to save.

No moments then he had to lose,
Between the two he had to choose.
Were we the man, what would we do,
And what if it were up to you.

The mother was but fifty year,
And to the man she was a dear.
No day he ever once did miss
To plant upon her brow a kiss.

The wife, his life, she was a part,
She was the woman of his heart.
She, too, was mother of a son,
To bear she fought with death and won.

The man, his heart, was torn asunder,
Amid the peals of clashing thunder.
We pray, we never have to choose
Between the two, the one to lose.

If you can draw this picture clear,
With one to save when both are dear,
Just think it o'er, what would you do,
If such a thing were up to you?

Don't call us up to ask us why
We do not say or even try.
If we knew just the thing we'd do
We would not put it up to you.
One thing we know and tell it true,
And we've convinced more than a few.
The best that brain and brawn can make 'er
You'll always get in Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Worth Saving

We keep in a bureau in our home,
Odds and ends and a razor hone.
Things we've saved from day to day,
That might come handy in some way.
This drawer we call our safety box,
For broken things and springs of clocks.
And in each thing there is some good,
If we could mend it as we should.
There's good in every man, we know,
He may be broken, bent and low.
To start him going as he should,
Is more than mending broken wood.
So when a fellow's down and out,
We try to make him new to shout.
We do our best to start him right,
If he's the man to make a fight.
And then again we see a car,
That's had a many a knock and jar.
We see in it some service yet,
And take it as our special pet.
To all who want things new and bright,
Who care for only what is right,
Who buy cars new and spick and span,
We have the Six Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Time Begrudged

We surely do begrudge the time,
To cut our hair or get a shine.
Yet duty plain it is to give,
Because the barbers have to live.

Our face from hair we only save,
Each morning early with a shave.
Will some one give the reason why,
A shave the price has gone so high!

Our face, we wash it o'er and o'er,
Again next day it calls for more.
Why not let the dirt sink in,
And never wash, but grow new skin.

And see the time it takes to dress,
It is a bore we must confess.
Our clothes, we take them off at night,
And dress again when it is light.

The time we take to lace our shoes,
Might well be spent in reading news.
The time consumed with tie and collar,
Has cost us many a silver dollar.

We brush our clothes, we blow our nose,
Our nails we clean and trim our toes.
When all these things are fairly done,
No time is left from sun to sun.

For night, there's nothing to be said,
What's night to us! we are in bed.
Our years on earth are all too few,
For all the things we have to do.

If we could stop our eating and dressing
And save the time we spend confessing,
Many things we now must leave undone,
Would have our attention, every one.

They say these things, from day to day,
Are done as new, in the same old way.
They're needful to our life and health,
And mean far more than earthly wealth.

So we'll keep on the best we can,
Like others, since the world began.
We'll spend no time as mischief-maker,
While we are selling Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Desert Break

Now everyone knows Cassiday,
Who runs a plumbers' shop.
In his employ was Galloway,
His work was to the dot.

Said Cassiday to Galloway,
"A contract I have got,
A mile of water pipe to lay,
Out in the desert hot."

Said Galloway to Cassiday,
"Oi'll go an' do th' wur-ruk,
You ar' me boss, Oi will obey,
From this Oi will not shir-ruk."

Said Cassiday to Galloway,
"It's not a pleasant task.
I will at once increase your pay,
And give you all you ask."

With fondest hopes went Galloway,
To make a fortune soon.
To cut the time he had to stay,
He worked by sun and moon.

But word was sent to Cassiday,
In just about a week.
A warning straight from Galloway,
He had a mind to sneak.

This surely troubled Cassiday,
To hear the desert life,
Was getting on his Galloway,
Out there with just his wife.
Then Cassiday lost Galloway,
And this is how it came.
Galloway wrote Cassiday,
But little and his name.
"Boss Cassiday," wrote Galloway,
"Another day Oi will not sthay,
Do not delay send on me pay,
Oi'm here to say Oi l'ave today."
So Galloway from Cassiday,
In time a record breaker,
Received his pay that very day,
By way of a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Red Cross Roll Call

By Request of Local Chairman, Red Cross Week in Pomona

Hear, Ye! Hear, Ye! One and all,
The Red Cross makes her annual call.
The chairman, Mr. Barton Payne,
Now asks you to enroll again.
If you are one to carry on,
Enroll before the day is gone.

The Red Cross is a worthy cause,
Its work can't be allowed to pause.
It's part of our great nation's life,
In times of peace as well as strife.
For vigilance and power to quickly act,
Its war chest you must keep 't packed.

The Red Cross army in its mercies,
Through all its many thousand nurses,
Allays the suffering of human kind,
Wherever suffering they can find.
Its equipment if allowed to rust,
To God and man would be unjust.

Their work in war is known to all,
How quick they answered duty's call.
Had not the Red Cross been prepared,
Had not the Red Cross danger dared,
No one will undertake to say,
How many lives would had to pay.

Their record of the year that's past,
We will be proud of to the last.
In Greece and also in Japan,
Where havoc spread o'er all the land,
The Red Cross quickly gave their aid,
On the altar of service all was laid.

And in our country here at home,
Where disaster also likes to roam,
Calls come in from day to day,
For workers trained the Red Cross way,
And but for their preparedness,
There'd be much more of wretchedness.

The Red Cross never will, no, never fail,
If you'll but give one wheel of kale.
Disaster may in some queer way,
See fit to visit us some day.
Pay your dollar and sign the paper,
Like him who writes for the Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Man's Idiosyncrasy

He went to war and gained renown,
In every fight he stood his ground,
Bullets passed him thick and fast,
Not a scratch from first to last.

We now relate this sorry fact,
He's been a month upon his back,
On both his cheeks he'll have a scar,
He stepped in front of a motor car.

Discounted

When a little child does something cute,
Or says a thing that's funny,
We think the kid is just a beaut,
And say it's worth the money.

When a man there is uncommon wise,
And makes but few mistakes,
We look on him and just surmise
He guards the pearly gates.

But let a man that's writing "ads",
Say something that's worth while,
We read the thing, it makes us glad,
But read it with a smile.

For the Day

When the world awakes from the silent night,
In the morning's dawn is a-throb with life,
Does the God of your dreams forsake his claims,
Is life a-pulsing through your veins?

The day will have its joy and sorrow,
Its tasks are many before the morrow,
Is your spirit alive and, too, your heart,
Are you awake with life to do your part?

In the morning light of the day begun,
In the brightness of the morning sun,
Are your thoughts alive within your mind,
Are you awake to keep them always kind?

To your neighbor and brother be a mentor,
Make yourself in life a little center,
From which charity, love and kindly peace,
Shall shine and radiate and never cease.

Be a cheerful sort of fellow,
Things will fit much better then.
If you grumble things will rumble
And you're shunned by other men.

Isn't It So?

As we go through the world, it's joy and woe,
If we listen to all that is said as we go,
We will be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
By meddlesome tongues with too much to do.
People will talk and talk you know. Isn't it so?

If quiet and modest you go your way,
You are only humble for show they say.
You are a wolf but clothed as a sheep,
But don't get excited for talk is cheap.
People will talk and talk you know. Isn't it so?

To be generous and noble your right you deem,
There are plenty to hint you are selfish and mean.
If upright and honest there are some to say,
You are only a rogue in a sneaking way.
People will talk and talk you know. Isn't it so?

If you show the boldness of your heart,
If you are inclined to take your part,
They call you proud, conceited and vain,
Keep going ahead, don't stop to complain.
People will talk and talk you know. Isn't it so?

If your coat is worn, no style to your hat,
Some people are sure to take notice of that.
They will pass it along you are down and out,
Keep up your courage, don't notice the flout.
People will talk and talk you know. Isn't it so?

If you're dressing in style you can neither escape,
Criticism will take but a different shape.
They will say you are spending more than you earn,
But mind your own business and idleness spurn.
People will talk and talk you know. Isn't it so?

Your heart keep at ease and do as you please,
You can not stop these with talking disease.
Don't mind the abuse you'll find here and there,
There is joy in Studebakers seen everywhere.
People will ride and ride you know. Isn't it so?

—The Car with Character.

No Explaining

"Say, man! where is you goin' this Sunday morn,
Why for you'self such style you adorn?"
Said Ephraham Cain to Erastus Brown,
When they met on Holt at the corner of Towne.

"I is a-gwine to church," said Erastus Brown,
"The best there is in this whole town."
Inquired his old friend Ephraham Cain,
"Will you this thing to me explain?"

"Why do you change from sect to sect?
It seems to me if I recollect,
You've now belonged to three or four,
Why for you jine to any more?"

Said Erastus Brown to Ephraham Cain,
"This thing to you I will make plain.
My mornin' sleep was more than mass,
So the Cath'lics lost their membe' 'Rass."

"The 'Piscopalians next I jined,
But I come always out behind.
The service they done say so fast,
I could not with them people last."

"I tried the Methodis' folkses next,
But the 'Quiry Meetin's got me vexed.
Too much 'quirin' in cullud folks bus'ness,
Fills this head o' mine with dizz'ness."

"I now belongs to the Baptis' congregation,
They asks me to make no fu'ther explanation.
Just one dip and ever'thing is done,
You've got the ole devil on a dead run."

Said Ephraham Cain to Erastus Brown.
"So it is with moto' cars I have found.
When you owns a depen'able Studebaker Six,
There's nothin' to explain an nothin' to fix."

—The Car with Character.

Cheerfulness

Let the sunshine enter into your soul,
Cheerfulness then will from it roll.
Thoughts of joy keep fixed in your mind,
You will happiness forever and ever find.

Grief and sorrow will pass away,
If you scatter good will along the way.
Ills of body you will dissipate,
If love and cheer you cultivate.

Good humor and laughter have an infection,
Mourning will spread around dejection.
Dwell day by day in thoughts of peace,
Ill will, suspicion and envy will cease.

Cheer, friend and helper of all good graces,
Scatter in all earth's gloomy places.
Bid cheerfulness enter at early morn,
Burdens are lighter when cheerfully borne.

Let your soul with kindness overflow,
Let sympathy from you outward go,
Look at all things on the brightest side,
Good cheer will in you then abide.

From habit of fretting you are sorely afflicted,
Your thoughts are narrow and pleasure restricted,
Grim care and moroseness is your curse,
Take a goodly dose of the oil of mirth.

Do not allow your mind to depress,
'Twill crowd from life its cheerfulness.
Don't anticipate trouble that's not in sight,
'Twill shut out of life the bright sunlight.

Do not in sullenness work through the day,
Cheerfulness ever will much better pay,
Beat time to the music of heart with your hand,
Its rhythm will run like a Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

To Have and to Hold

We owned a picture set in a frame,
Made by an artist of national fame.
We knew the picture must be fine,
In a corner the artist's name was signed.

The artist had painted in it his soul
The picture did not to us unfold.
All we could see was color and line,
The artist's soul we could not find.

We knew that we failed to appreciate,
This work of art they said was great.
To us it was only a decoration,
'Twas worthy of greater appreciation.

There came to us an artist friend,
With us an evening he would spend,
He looked upon this piece of art
With eyes that showed it touched his heart.

We made confession frank and free,
Something was there we could not see,
The picture meant more to our friend,
He, more than we, could comprehend.

Tears filled our eyes and made them dim,
This picture should belong to him.
We felt no right to have and hold,
No more, could we take of his gold.

We gave our friend this work of art,
It sent the sunshine to our heart.
We could not keep from him his own,
Our gift brought blessings to our home.

In life are many things we keep
From which more joy would others reap,
Now we are doing the best we can
To have you own a Studebaker Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Change of No Effect

He came to Pomona to start all anew,
To forget many things he once used to do.
But he brought the same head, also the heart,
Too, the same soul and each other part.

He started right in the same things to do,
Before coming west to start all anew.
His life ran along just the same as before
He changed his abode to this western shore.

This world around is very much the same,
Each place has only a different name.
Whether living in Pomona or in the old home,
No man can get very far from his own.

The man found here in the place he sought,
He could only think the same old thought,
The place where you live doesn't matter, by far,
So much as the kind of man you are.

If your heart does love and cheer contain,
You have a sound and sensible brain,
It makes little difference where you abide,
You're sure to be found on the right side.

A man from place to place may roll,
But with his body will go his soul,
He can not distance remorse and despair,
By seeking a place to live more fair.

When a man resolves to turn his living,
To righteous ways and quit his sinning,
There is no place or climate or zone,
Better than right in his present home.

Fill your mind with thoughts that are good,
Keep heart ringing with cheer as you should,
Make your soul shine out the real man,
Like unto the beauty of Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Ever With Us

We have wondered and thought it o'er a sight,
Of what use is the human parasite.
He earns no bread by sweat of his brow,
Does not care to know even how.

He goes around dressed up like a dude,
He eats nothing but the richest of food,
If anything good should be laying around,
He grabs it himself and swallows it down.

He never has done any kind of toil,
Disdains his hands with dirt to soil,
His soul he is ready to crimson stain,
To live in ease through artful gain.

He daily spends his time in spinning,
Ways by which he can add to his winning,
He grooms himself and is sleek and fat,
A three carat diamond in his cravat.

You see him dressed in purple and linen,
You wonder how he got his beginnin'
Many a hard-working widows mite
Falls to the human parasite.

He's a connoisseur of works of art,
Music and language plays the part,
Society functions he enters in,
Pulling his wires to get the "tin."

Fate seems to take a special delight,
In giving him all the best in sight,
Poverty's hand declines to smite
The confidant human parasite.

Happiness within the man is slight,
Whose life is a human parasite.
True happiness comes to every man,
Who works and drives a Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Our Peculiar Visitor

The most peculiar fellow we have ever seen,
Hair below his shoulders with a perfect sheen,
Loaded down with tracts on how to be a saint,
Called one day to give us the burden of his plaint.

He aroused our curiosity, he had the oddest style,
We let the fellow ramble for the longest while.
He started in to sermonize in a fervent way,
Then he turned to give advice to finish out the day.

He quoted scripture glibly and did it very nice,
He knew the men of virtue, also those of vice.
He tried by exhortation to tell the wretchedness,
In the world today because of wickedness.

Without a single pause he talked his way along,
Until we thought the right must be going wrong.
He freely gave us plenty of precious good advice,
Such as one can only get without a price.

He told us all about the sinners awful fate,
Till we committed sin and went to dinner late.
He gave us moral platitudes meant to edify,
Prophesied misfortunes enough to terrify.

He floundered all around, back again to sin,
Never missed a chance on us to rub it in.
From Genesis to Revelation he would analyze,
We got a lot of pointers on how to advertise.

He spent another hour or two of precious time,
On the sad enormity of multiplying crime.
Precept on precept by many, many, score,
He delivered unto us until he was a bore.

These things he continued in us to further cram,
Till we took our refuge in a Six Sedan.
We had no further time for his diatribe,
We're selling Studebaker, the easy car to ride.

—*The Car with Character.*

Your Letter to Mother

Young man if you somewhere have a mother,
Are you leaving it all to a loving brother,
In your busy life does it ever occur,
You should often write a letter to her?

Whether you are twenty or turning fifty,
Whether your letters are crude or nifty,
Whether you are married or blessedly single,¹
Write letters to make her heart to tingle.

The weeks go fast, they almost fly,
But time you'll find if you only try,
Her smiles for you no care can smother,
You shouldn't neglect to write to mother.

If you have a little blotted sheet,
Remaining unanswered more than a week,
Remember her wistful parting tears,
And brighten her fast declining years.

Do not forget how once her arm,
Stole round you at the sign of harm,
Do not forget or fail her face to see,
As she said, "Good-by and write to me."

Her love is patient from day to day,
Do her no wrong with your delay,
If you have excuses one kind or another,
Wipe them away and write to mother.

Tell her how much you love her still,
Tell her you try to do His will,
When He bears her away, it may be tomorrow,
Your soul will be heavy and sad with sorrow.

Do not neglect and leave to another,
Letters you'll wish you had written to mother.
Write her today, if you will, you can,
You'll better enjoy a Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Giving and Receiving

Whatever you give the world, you'll find,
The world returns to you in kind.
With all mankind be honest and true,
And the truth will then return to you.

This world is full of loyal hearts,
They are not confined to certain parts.
There are spirits brave and souls that are pure,
Friends you know that are safe and sure.

Give to the world of your very best,
You'll get returns to prove your test.
Love on all of the world bestow,
And to your heart more love will flow.

Have faith in men and in their deeds,
'Twill give you strength for greatest needs.
A score and more of hearts will show,
Their faith in you that you may know.

Life is the large reflecting glass,
For all the world's great human mass,
It is what you are and what you do
That is reflected back to you.

Then what you give in what you do,
Give to the world of the best in you.
This truth you'll find to be a fact,
The best will always then come back.

To measure you the world will pick
The rule you use for a measuring stick.
If your life is true to the Master Square,
You'll find the world with you is fair.

Each morning with the rising sun,
Start right the day and no man shun.
Be every day the friend of man
And you'll have friends like a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Man We Like

The man who faces whatever comes,
With triumphant step and never runs,
Who does all things the best he can,
We like the man.

The man who has a heart of cheer,
Who steadfast and without a fear
Fights daily battles and doesn't sham,
We like the man.

When fondest hopes he sees them fail,
Against this fate he doesn't rail,
Unfaltering keeps a trusting stand,
We like the man.

Keep faith in God he says he must,
That somehow He is true and just,
His plans have worked since time began,
We like the man.

When fortune by the world held dear,
He loses and sheds not a tear,
A crust prefers to gain by shameful plan,
We like the man.

The man who envies not a brother,
Who keeps his faith in every other,
Bridges his humble lot with a smiling span,
We like the man.

The man with words of hope and zest,
Who courage gives to all the rest,
Puts in every toiler more of sand,
We like the man.

The man whose life heroic conquers fate,
Is worthy by all to be counted great.
You'll see him driving a Six Sedan,
We like the man.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Road to Utopia

If all of our hate was turned to love,
Our blessings would increase from above.
If all our actions were good and true,
Things would be brighter for me and you.

If our cruel words were all caresses,
There would be no need then for redresses.
If instead of a scowl we'd always smile,
Life would then be more worth while.

Practice your whistle and cut out your whine,
And the sun of your life will brighter shine.
Turn your languish into a laugh,
Your worries will then decrease by half.

If hearts were all jolly and none were sad,
It would not be easy for us to get mad.
If happiness took the place of our grieving,
Forebodings we then would not be weaving.

If there never were tears of melancholy,
There would be less of senseless folly.
If purses were not withheld from duty,
More would see of life its beauty.

If men everywhere would cease to worry,
They would not know the fever of flurry.
If women would not so often sigh,
They could easier do the things they try.

If one neighbor would always speak to the other,
Their feelings would be as brother to brother.
If our spirits were always tuned to forgive,
'Twould sweeten our lives while here we live.

Make every day to glisten and shine,
And your life will be the more divine.
Make the world about as bright as you can,
Studebaker is doing it with the Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Keep Her Heart Warm

Do you each day of your married life,
Say things that cut just like a knife,
Or in spite of toil and business strife,
Do you gently speak and kiss your wife?

Do you sometimes yourself forget,
And allow yourself to fume and fret,
Or does the bond your seal you set,
As the years go by still sweeter get?

Do you when the days are dark and blue,
Deny her to tell her troubles to you,
Or do you give her the proper cue,
And show her still your love is true?

Was your love for her a sad mistake,
Do your marriage vow you wish to break,
Or is love when dreaming or awake,
Increasing within you for your mate?

Do you act as if she'd passed her prime,
Do you make her feel that is a crime,
Or do you try to please her all the time,
And fail to see a wrinkle or line?

Do you chide her for the things you've missed,
Do you on pleasure for self insist,
Or as years of yore do you persist,
In saying such lips none ever kissed?

Don't ever forget the time of your bliss,
When you would ask for one more kiss,
Look into her eyes and tell her this,
You feel that a dozen won't come amiss.

Keep warm her heart as when life began,
Make her proud that you are her man,
Make her as happy as ever you can,
And buy her a Six Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Heedless Boy

You fathers that have a boy or two,
Who sometimes heedless things will do,
Have patience and do not despair,
For a heedless boy is nothing rare.

On every street throughout the town,
You'll find him if you look around,
You'll see him in the public schools,
Quite heedless break forbidden rules.

At home whene'er he wants his hat,
He never knows where it is at,
And when he wants to play at ball,
His bat he cannot find at all.

When he is called in to his meals,
He tracks the mud in on his heels,
He throws his mitts down on the floor,
And never thinks to shut the door.

If saw and hammer can't be found,
They're where he left them on the ground,
He never puts his tools away,
But heedless lets them go astray.

When you would send him to the store,
To do for you some little chore,
Don't lose your patience and get mad,
When he loses all the change he had.

For all these things and many more,
With patience help your boy get o'er,
He'll tell you he is not to blame,
You once no doubt were just the same.

Your boy who now is in his teens,
May be less heedless than he seems,
When grown to full estate of man,
If wise he'll drive a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Do You?

Do you ever stop in your busy life,
Amid your pleasures, toil and strife,
To offer up your thanks to Thee,
For all He gives you full and free. Do you?

For the health each day you do enjoy,
For strength of mind you can employ,
For brain that is clear all things to see,
Do you offer up your thanks to Thee. Do you?

For your boasted corking appetite,
For two good eyes of perfect sight,
For a will to make decisions free,
Do you offer up your thanks to Thee. Do you?

For your heart to keep it always pure,
For patience to all things endure,
For spirit to humbly bow the knee,
Do you ask for these and look to Thee. Do you?

For hope to keep you strong and brave,
For wit to work, Thy bounty gave,
With His wondrous plans do you agree,
Do you offer up your thanks to Thee. Do you?

For sunlit lands and dipping hills,
For the grass and flowers, rocks and rills,
For running brooks, their mirth and glee,
Do you offer up your thanks to Thee. Do you?

For the peaceful nights of quiet and sleep,
For human hearts that laugh and weep,
For kith and kin of the family tree,
Do you offer up your thanks to Thee. Do you?

For all the things of earth you love,
Do you give your thanks to Him above?
For Six Studebakers all models three,
Pomona sends up her thanks to Thee. Do you?

—*The Car with Character.*

The Two Ways

The world with you will always smile,
If you smile on the world a smile worthwhile.
But frowns have never yet been known,
To keep any man from going alone.

Growl and the way is long and weary,
The world is bleak and hard and dreary.
A laugh will show you the way to light,
And fill your path with sunshine bright.

By work and pluck the prize is won,
Stick to your job, don't be outdone.
Sighs will get you never a thing,
Success is timid and fleet of wing.

Fortune awaits the man who will hustle,
The world is kind to him who will rustle.
But let a man shirk and defeat is sure,
The world for a shirk will not endure.

Things when you grumble will all go wrong,
You'll gain no place with the busy throng.
Keep a song in your heart and every day sing,
You'll into the world more harmony bring.

You can easily start your troubles to brewing,
By kicking you'll bring your own undoing.
But the clouds will melt and all float away,
When you whistle a tune that is happy and gay.

By faith and hope build steady and true,
Strengthen your character through and through.
Every day live prepared as your last,
You can never call back what's gone in the past.

When your soul dwells here on earth no more,
Behind it Death shuts her mysterious door.
Make your work to live on in the heart of man,
Like years of good service in a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

When Mother Goes

Time will heal our deepest sorrow,
E'en those we bear we fear the morrow.
This must be true, we have found it so,
Since the time when mother had to go.

If you from sorrow have, too, wept tears,
In recent weeks or in distant years,
O'er friend the best you e'er can know,
It was when mother had to go.

When the preacher said, "Gone home to rest,"
And your heart was aching in your breast,
The ebb of your spirit was running low,
Was it not when mother had to go?

When every corner and every room,
Was filled to the doors with silent gloom,
When bowed with deepest grief and woe,
It was when mother had to go.

Sometimes you thought you could not bear
No more to see her sitting over there.
You thought of the grave where breezes blow,
When called, and mother had to go.

When things went wrong, were hurts to cure,
As a friend she was always safe and sure,
She was ever ready to lighten the blow,
In days before mother had to go.

Sometimes we fail to quite understand,
Why He takes our mothers to us so grand,
When we are a-needing and wanting 'em so,
But somehow mothers have to go.

The lonesomest thing in the world today,
Is caused by mother when going away.
Fill her place there is none who can,
But life you can brighten with a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

We Called Him Billy

In memory of Mr. William F. Lee, our companion, friend and business associate for more than thirty years. Died in Philadelphia, March 7, 1924.

We have lost a friend, loyal and true,
And so have you and you and you.
No, not lost. His spirit has only been set free.
Our lives are better for Billy Lee.

For others he always had concern,
To help their troubles his heart would yearn.
No difference what their cares might be,
They had a friend in Billy Lee.

Never too busy with his own affairs,
To listen to others and hear of theirs.
None going to rest from sea to sea
We'll miss so much as Billy Lee.

His life was clean and honest and square,
Friends, he had them everywhere.
The same to all as to you and me,
By nature God made Billy Lee.

Our hearts are sad and bowed with sorrow,
No more will he call on us tomorrow.
In God's own time in eternity,
By faith we'll meet with Billy Lee.

To the End

This story, to us, was told in bits,
Of a private in hell's own den.
Who died with curses on his lips,
To save three hundred fellowmen.

Those in command sat round the fire,
'Mid canons awful roar.
No way was left them to retire,
With enemy back and fore.

Three hundred hearts that night were lead,
And prayers to Heaven they bore.
They soon would all be counted dead,
They could not hold for one day more.

With aching heart for all his men,
The officer pondered long.
There was a chance if he could send,
For help, one brave and strong.

To safely pass the enemy's line,
There seemed no chance at all.
But help beyond if reached in time,
Would come at duty's call.

Three hundred men all tired and worn,
Were told the one who went,
Must go with hope, for cause forlorn,
Prepared to die and not lament.

A private rough with words profane,
His answer quickly gave.
His eyes of fire told he was game,
To die for men to save.

The bullets all around him flew,
He cursed his way to find.
In pain he grimly made it through,
He died for those behind.

His life was wayward now and then,
His God he did not know.
But he who gives his life for men,
To God will surely go.

The Studebakers long ago,
For men they did their time.
Their lives were given not for show,
But building Sixes fine.

—*The Car with Character.*

Was It Prayer?

They tell us things are getting dry,
The price of hay is going high,
Clouds are daily passing by.
Why doesn't it rain?

November has left us long ago,
When early rains we used to know,
We no longer find it so.
When will it rain?

December wasn't far behind,
Of rain it gave us not a sign.
None the weather man could find.
Where is the rain?

The first two months of the present year,
Clouds would come, away would clear,
Drouth was causing much of fear.
Will it ever rain?

Half of March has come and gone,
Yet no rain has come along,
Something surely must be wrong,
With the rain!

Since writing the several lines above,
Someone has given the rain a shove,
It fell the way the people love.
Gentle rain!

It's broken down the gloomy bars,
Crops growing now like shooting stars,
We're selling Studebaker cars.
Welcome rain! Come again!
We would like some inches more,
Come and soak our earthen floor,
We will never make a roar.
Let 'er pour.
Forevermore.

—*The Car with Character.*

Was It You?

Somebody, we know not who, did a golden deed,
When they took from religion all form and creed.
Was that "somebody" you?

Somebody, but who, proved a friend in need,
From the government free came a bushel of seed.
Was that "somebody" you?

Somebody we heard sing a beautiful song,
That made it more easy to right a wrong.
Was that "somebody" you?

Somebody smiled as we passed by the way,
It lightened the burdens of a business day.
Was that "somebody" you?

Somebody we read in their face on the street,
Thoughts showing plainly that living is sweet.
Was that "somebody" you?

Somebody has shown how gladly they give,
To make more easy for others to live.
Was that "somebody" you?

Somebody brave fought a valiant fight,
For honor and truth they made their plight.
Was that "somebody" you?

Somebody true as they saw the light,
Lived to protect and shield the right.
Was that "somebody" you?

Somebody said Used Cars are a curse,
Somebody said many things much worse.
Was that "somebody" you?

Somebody said don't carry your paper,
When selling on time a Six Studebaker.
Was that "somebody" you?

—*The Car with Character.*

Vacation Time

To old Catalina with kiddies and wife,
We went to stay for the REST of our life.
While crossing, we said, "Each do as you wish,
We are going on deck to feed the fish."

Our boat was one owned by Mr. Wrigley,
The ocean was rough, the trip was wiggly.
For hunger there wasn't a tempting dish,
We stayed on deck and fed the fish.

The wind from the west began to blow,
Fear and excitement commenced to grow,
The sky with angry clouds grew dark,
While we fed the fish and several shark.

The captain was casting his weather eye,
Women and children commenced to cry,
The storm each moment was showing increase,
From feeding the fishes we didn't cease.

The deck hands all were sunning around,
What cared we if we were drowned,
We would not relinquish feeding the fishes,
But we were feeding them not from dishes.

Each one in something was busy engaged,
As we sped on, the storm it raged,
We held the rail and fed the fishes,
And also gave them our best wishes.

The steward to a woman pleasantly said,
"Your husband's sick, put him to bed."
She smiled and replied with due respect,
"He's feeding fishes from the deck."

Catalina, we reached and all went ashore,
We heard a man say, "For me no more.
You folks may have your ocean breaker,
For mine, a Big Six Studebaker."

—*The Car with Character.*

Sowing and Reaping

Every seed brings forth its kind,
As in Nature, so in mind.
If others you are disposed to mistrust,
Others with you will be as unjust.

If you have a jealous disposition,
You'll not be free of others' suspicion.
If you have hatred in your heart,
You'll get from others a goodly part.

Let kindness in your heart to dwell,
The same from others you'll compel.
If love is in your heart and rules,
You will be loved by even fools.

You cannot others expect to resist,
And their opposition not enlist.
You cannot attempt aggressive assault,
And not by another in turn be fought.

As up and down this world you go,
You'll reap the kind of seed you sow.
Every man by the world is paid,
With coin which he himself has made.

Give the world your sweetest smile,
The world on you will smile the while.
But when you give the world a frown,
The world on you will then look down.

Your heart at the fountain of melody dips,
You keep a song upon your lips,
The world of folks that's merry and gay,
Will seek you out to join their play.

Whatever condition you keep your mind,
It will be sought by its own kind.
If you have a taste for real distinction,
You'll seek Studebaker is our prediction.

—The Car with Character.

Learn to Say "No"

There's a word very short but hard to say,
Learn how to speak it, you it will pay,
'Twill help you to easier hoe your row,
If you know how to say the little word "No".

The word is very decided and plain,
Its meaning is easy for all to explain,
Yet it is so often hard to forego,
The inclination not to say "No".

When surrounded by evil temptation,
'Twould save you not a little vexation,
'Twould pleasure and peace on you bestow,
If you with courage deny it with "No".

Beckoned by idlers with trifles and play,
To throw your moments so precious away,
Your manhood strength you then will show,
If you have learned to just say "No".

Scoffers gainsay your faith and sneer,
And mock at things you most revere,
Your victory's gained if you let them know,
You have learned the value of saying "No".

When deception, falsehood, guile invite,
With promise alluring to turn from the right,
Such fleeting enjoyments they can bestow,
Is small recompense for not saying "No".

Turn not from truth for transient delight,
Temporizing is only to weaken the fight,
Your first impulses if given a blow,
The next more easy for you to say "No".

When passion or folly would draw you aside,
In a Six Studebaker then go for a ride,
Its character, power and firmness show,
Its builders spurn the tempter with "No".

—*The Car with Character.*

Two Mirrors

When you arise at early morn
And your body with care adorn,
Care you should use in equal kind,
And for the day should dress your mind.

You should not let one day go by,
You do not do your best and try
To make yourself a better man,
Will it so, and then you can.

Should you decide to take the vow,
You'll start right in to do it now,
Fix your mind on what you are,
You'll find that you can well go far.

Do not give it your vaguest thought,
Do this thing fully as you ought,
To yourself describe yourself,
None for you can do for pelf.

If you feel you do not dare,
Your inner self to lay it bare,
You should find the reason why,
To yourself don't try to lie.

Your face to you may pleasant look,
Your mind may have an ugly crook,
Keep a mirror for your face,
For your mind make one a place.

Use both with proper care for dress,
The one for mind don't use it less,
Send mind and body upon their way,
To make for you a better day.

Have more concern for self within,
Self without will keep from sin,
Studebaker's mirrors in a Six Sedan,
Are there for woman and there for man.

—The Car with Character.

The Call of the World

Boy! The world for you has a weighty part,
Train your hand, your head and heart.
This big and wonderful world of men,
Is waiting for you to make the ascend.

There is work in the world for you to do,
Opportunities held in store for you.
Train your mind to conquer the way,
The world for you is waiting today.

Your future is up to you to make,
Prepare with care, make no mistake.
The world is waiting for you to begin,
Victories of life for you to win.

Keep your standard up at the top,
Don't let your eyes below it drop.
Train yourself to think your thought,
For chances with which the world is fraught.

Your brain keep ever clear and bright,
Do not becloud and dim its light.
Develop your body and keep it clean,
There's a place for you in the human stream.

Plan your purpose determined to win,
Stick to it through the thick and thin.
Success in life for you is assured,
By grit and pluck success is lured.

When you are prepared your place to take,
On you the world will put its stake.
The world has waited your coming long,
Keep faith and work and you won't go wrong.

Look about and you'll see there's much to do,
Keep in the front where is only a few.
Get ready to answer the call of the world,
In a Six Studebaker be joyfully whirled.

—*The Car with Character,*

The Best of the West

California! the empire of the West,
Greater than all with riches blest,
Land of the glorious setting sun,
Land where health and fortune's won.

Land ever new yet ages old,
Yielding treasure of yellow gold,
Fruits of every kind are grown,
From soil as rich as any known.

Various foods for man and beast,
Raised to feed those in the east,
Mountains of wondrous snowy height,
Stars that shine nowhere as bright.

A thousand miles of ocean blue,
Billows play on the beach with you,
Scenic grandeur is everywhere,
Climate the finest that's anywhere.

Fishing in streams beyond compare,
Forest homes of deer and bear,
Land of tourists who often stay,
Land of those who like to play.

Land where the end of perfect days,
Followed by nights' serenest rays,
Land of the mighty, brave and free,
Where life is true sincerity.

Land of the haughty mocking-bird,
Whose notes are sweetest ever heard,
Land where man who does his best
Is loved, revered, by all the rest.

California! the nation's fairy-land,
Gives answer to every just demand,
Highways are kept in finest fix
And mostly used by Studebaker Six.

—The Car with Character.

Old Auntie's Shoes

One day when sitting out under an oak,
Feeling as lonesome as though we were broke,
A thought of the past our mind went through,
And we seemed to hear the squeak of a shoe.

We listened and in our memory clear,
The familiar sound again we could hear.
If given our choice once more we'd choose,
To hear the squeak of our old Auntie's shoes.

When the baking days would each come around,
We would pilfer the cakes and make not a sound.
Someone we knew had discovered our ruse,
When we heard the squeak of old Auntie's shoes.

When the ladies would meet for the sewing bee,
And give of their services cheerful and free,
We knew that we soon would hear all the news,
By squeak of returning old dear Auntie's shoes.

Old Auntie with age was mellow and ripe,
And she was quite fond of a book and a pipe.
We'd fill it and light it, delighted, amused,
When we heard coming the squeak of her shoes.

When Auntie went home to her heavenly rest,
From a good heavy cold she caught on her chest.
By all of the evidence gathered from clews,
'Twas open top autos that silenced her shoes.

When weather is bad and you drive all around,
From this a good moral most surely is found.
As we intended to say when we first began,
Drive a Six Studebaker Big Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

If bitter foe gives us the hook
For things we should not do,
Tell friend we never wrote a book,
And put it on our tombstone, too.

The Great River

The man in the shop, the children at play,
In whatever condition, we all, each day,
All over the world, in whatever clime,
Are sailing on down the river of Time.

This wonderful stream with its earthly throng,
Has a perfect rhythm as it winds along.
Through joys and sorrows and smiles and tears,
With a surge sublime to the ocean of years.

Through winters' storms and ice and snows,
Through springs' sweet smelling fields and groves,
Through summers when all is green and fair,
Through autumns' crisp and bracing air.

The years and the seasons come and go,
Broader it sweeps in its ebb and flow.
We glide at times where all is light,
In stillness run through darkest night.

Some day we'll reach the journey's end,
We will have made each turn and bend.
With Thy chart and compass on river's breast,
We'll journey safe and in Him rest.

At the journey's end on the river of Time,
Songs we'll hear like a vesper chime.
We'll bury all of our treasures there,
We'll know no sorrow or pain or care.

We'll see those loved in years of yore,
Hear voices we've often heard before.
Welcomed with His own beautiful smile,
If true and faithful sailed the while.

When hair is white with winters' snows,
When sun is setting and evening glows,
When we've reached the end of the river of Time,
Studebaker in Pomona is all you'll find.

—The Car with Character.

Religion and Science

At the little negro church was great anticipation,
To hear the new preacher of the colored congregation.
He held at once the audience as if by a spell,
When his subject he announced, "Is there a Hell?"

"Now Bredern," he said, "I's a-tellin' to yo' all,
This world is made round jus' like a big ball.
The Lord the whole job he done it all alone.
An' then from His labor he rested at home."

The whole congregation agreed, "Amen,"
When he said, "The good Lord put an ax in the end.
He put one axle down at the Souf pole,
He put another axle up Norf where it's cold."

"Now these two axles yo' all had bette' know,
This ol' world aroun' on them has gotta go,
An' to keep these axles well greased with oil,
He put it in the earth down under the soil."

The congregation said, "Amen, amen,"
When he said, "A lot o' sinners dig wells in Penn.
Another lot o' sinners dig some in Kentucky,
They steal the Lord's oil when diggin' they is lucky."

"Down in Louisiana an' in Ol' Mexico,
Oklahoma, Texas an' the far weste'n sho'.
An' Bredern, I is also here jus' to say,
They'll dig 'em in Pomona some big fine day."

"They is takin' all the oil an' takin' all the grease,
Wherever they can find a piece o' ground to lease.
Yo' mark my word if the Lord don' stop 'em,
One o' these days yo'll see Hell a-poppin'."

"Some day the Lord's oil will be all gone,
The axles get hot an' not last very long.
Now Bredern I's a-sayin' I knows full well,
When the axles gets hot that will be Hell."

"Now I's jus' a-tellin' yo' accordin' to Hoyle,
Yo' bette' fill yo' crank case with Quaker State Oil.
Then yo' can depen', if yo' have a Studebaker,
Befo' the oil's gone on gettin' to yo' Maker."

—*The Car with Character.*

Where Happiness Lies

Married life is a funny thing,
We take the fling with a wedding ring.
With some its one continuous fight,
They kick and scratch and sometimes bite.

God made all things to live by pair,
The beasts of field and birds of air
He made to make no bad mistakes,
But man he left to make some breaks.

The creatures dumb of all the earth,
By Nature's laws are giving birth.
But laws of God for good of man,
By men are broken out of ban.

When man does choose his mate for life,
He would avoid so much of strife,
If he would use his common sense,
And not so often be so dense.

For men who fail to keep in sight,
The laws of God for doing right,
The laws of man are also made,
With price to pay if you evade.

But married life will have its flaws,
Till states alike have divorce laws.
They've got to come to save the home,
Or things will be just like Old Rome.

Words so sweet and words of leaven,
Are those of Mother, Home and Heaven.
When these we learn and get them clear,
No more divorce we then will fear.

To man his married life's a boon,
If it is sweet and right in tune.
But fights and scraps and family jars,
Are worse than some old motor cars.

When trouble brews twixt man and wife,
As troubles do in married life,
Take our advice and seek a breaker,
The best for you is a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Every Bit Helps

If you have a friend that is faithful and true,
As we know everyone must have a few,
If you love him, then you should tell him so.
Don't let him wait till his sun is low,
Kind and good words to him should be said,
Do not keep back until he is dead.

When you hear a song as you sometimes do,
That thrills you all over and through and through,
No matter by whom the song may be sung,
If joy from your heart the singer has rung,
Don't praises withhold that you should impart,
But gladden the singers sweet soul for his art.

If a prayer being offered by one all alone,
Earnest and fervent moves you to atone,
Kneel with the seeker in his supplication,
For mercies from God the Lord of Creation,
You and your brother should each of you share,
The strength the other will add to the prayer.

When you have in hand some difficult task,
And your strength is spent near unto the last,
You are given a lift by a helping friend,
Do not neglect or his feelings offend,
Tell him with smiles and words of cheer,
Of the good he has done, don't wait for a year.

Lay your hand on the shoulder, learn the whys,
Of a brother's tears in his weeping eyes,
By sharing your kinship in the shining stars,
You will lighten the sadness of heart it mars,
Wait not to offer him your relief,
Until he is broken and spent with grief.

When laugh and sunshine you see on a face,
Share in the joy for it, too, has its place,
Scatter seeds of kindness all around,
They will grow when scattered in fertile ground,
Kind words and deeds you have many to spare,
Send them like Studebakers everywhere.

—*The Car with Character.*

Just in a Minute

Years ago when but a young sprout,
We were fond of taking the girls about,
But one we were glad for another to win it,
Because she eternally said, "in a minute."

Once we were proudly her favored beaux,
And we called for her to see a good show,
Her room she cheerily called from within it,
Her everlasting, "just in a minute."

We waited as moments were ticked away,
Again, in thirty she called to say,
As she put on her hat and waited to pin it,
We heard her imperishable, "just in a minute."

We were fairly but started upon our way,
Hoping to be there in time for the play,
But missing a glove she returned to get it,
We heard her unending, "just in a minute."

For years now another has called her his,
And waiting a minute is still his "biz,"
At her glass she powders, primps and looks in it,
And shouts her undying, "just in a minute."

If Studebaker Sedans were running about,
Free to the first who would pick one out,
She would fuss with her hair and fail to win it,
You would hear her refrain, "just in a minute."

If the house was on fire and danger was great,
She would powder and primp regardless of fate,
She would wait to hook up her dress or to pin it,
And yell to the firemen, "just in a minute."

When Gabriel some day takes up his trump,
And everyone else is seen on the hump,
As he holds it aloft and as he blows in it,
In the sky will be heard, "just in a minute."

If Gabriel's trump or a Six Studebaker,
Won't hurry a woman what is there can make her?

—*The Car with Character.*

The Same Shall be Saved

There is always room up at the top,
Shout it long and loud,
For many who are down below,
Yet mingling in the crowd.

The road is long and rough and hard,
There is no royal one,
It's only those with work are scarred,
The top is ever won.

We only have to toil awhile, endure awhile,
And never, never, slack,
Always believe you will receive,
And never once turn back.

Perseverance, make it king,
Success for you to bring,
With victory, only those are crowned,
Who persevere and cling.

No rock was ever yet so hard,
That waves however small,
Would not in time wear it away,
Till none were left at all.

Great works have always been performed,
Not by human strength,
But perseverance and endurance,
At the greatest length.

Nerve that knows no relaxation,
Thoughts that concentrate,
Are masters of the victory,
For things that compensate.

Used Cars which are an obstacle,
To make of some a debtor,
For us are only stepping-stones,
To make our business better.

We keep a large assortment,
Made by many makers,
We also have some new ones,
Built by Studebakers.

—*The Car with Character.*

Our Baby's Picture

When baby reached five months of age,
It was the day we did engage,
Our local picture man to shoot
The likeness of our baby cute.

Everything was going fine,
The sun could never brighter shine.
We tried him first upon the floor,
When baby made an awful roar.

We picked him up with fondest care
And fixed him in an easy chair.
We put before him all his toys
To stop our baby's awful noise.

We talked to him, we fondled him,
He heard not kith or kin.
We did our best to sing and dance,
So picture man would have a chance.

He's badly spoiled declared the man,
I've done the very best I can.
Today the baby's just a brute,
Some other day will better suit.

When baby heard the epithet,
He knew the picture man was set.
In baby's eyes there came a light
That showed in him there was a fight.

Now we know why our baby boy,
Did on that day spoil all our joy.
We know why he madly raved
When he is always well behaved.

We meet some people we dislike,
Somehow they don't our fancy strike.
Our intuition tells us true,
It's just the same with babies, too.

Another place we made a call
And got his picture after all.
He is the cutest little man
And just as fine as our Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

The longer we live the more we grow,
Convinced it is wisest and best to show,
Our attention to the beautiful and the good,
Dwell little as possible, as we should,
On the dark and the base of the human race.

To hope for nothing, aspire to nothing, strive for nothing,
is to be contented. Contentment is rest in inglorious
ease, doing nothing but just oneself to please.

Life's Highway

We had nothing at all between us two,
But love and hope and work to do.
Of future years no secret dread,
When long ago we two were wed.

When skies were blue and days were long,
Our hearts both sang the same love song.
The birds sang sweetly along our way
Of toil and rest from day to day.

They, too, had gladly wooed and won,
To take up life through storm and sun,
With hope and love the same as we,
To add more to the family tree.

So many times we made mistake,
Our wills would bend but never break,
Our lips were often frail to speak,
Our actions sometimes indiscreet.

We frequent supped on simple fare,
Our bed was often hard and bare,
But hearts were hopeful, bright and gay
As hand in hand we worked our way.

The world by us full well has done,
Through years we two have been as one,
Our wanderings down the lane of toil
Have only been love's secret foil.

Those who wait for wealth of gold,
And in their hand all pleasures hold,
Till youth grows old and brown and sere,
Miss joys of heart without a fear.

Little faults no more we find,
To them we are forever blind,
Times have changed since we began
And now we drive a Studebaker Sedan.

—The Car with Character,

Hobson's Choice

From morning to night there is nothing to do
But work, since we to our manhood grew.
Like it or not we never are rude,
Because there is nothing to eat but food.

This is a fact that everyone knows,
There is nothing at all to wear but clothes.
Were it not for these to cover the nude,
By the Pomona police we'd be pursued.

There is nothing to breathe but just the air,
There is plenty of that round everywhere.
We breathe it once and then it is gone,
We'll keep on a-doing it right along.

Papers and books come to us in herds,
But nothing we find to read but words.
Our mind on sailing just fairly dotes,
But nothing we find to sail but boats.

From labor we cease and sleep instead,
There is nowhere to sleep but in a bed.
In all of our years we never have found,
Anything else to hear but sound.

When we would weep because of fears,
We've never been able to weep but tears.
We have heard of none who yet have said,
There is ought to bury but just the dead.

In our daily travels and nocturnal flights,
There is nothing we ever have seen but sights.
When dressed in our evening suit of black,
There is nowhere to go but out and come back.

When striking in anger it's kindly fate,
If you strike nothing else but just a gait.
When buying a car, the best that you can,
Buy a Six Studebaker in a Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Citizenship Duty

We would never think of living in a place,
Where God is unknown and hides His face,
And we are quite sure that neither would you,
Live where there isn't a church or two.

Where no Christian spirit is breathed in the air,
Where never a man with soul to declare,
Where no hope of eternity shines in a face,
We would not care to live in the place.

We could do without the Y. M. C. A.
But in every town one is sure to pay.
We could do without the lodges, too,
But not without churches could we ever do.

If the golf links were not just over there,
If we did not have a big county fair,
We still would not be left in the lurch,
If there was a place to go to church.

None will question the need of our schools,
To make our children wise men or fools,
But schools would do much less of good,
If in the town no churches stood.

The soul of man must have the stay
Of churches where men go to pray.
No institution has ever been found
Of greater value to any home town.

To every man may his duty be plain,
To share with a church a part of his gain,
You may not be religious inclined,
But that's an excuse so easy to find.

Put your shoulder to one church or the other,
Courageously say each man is your brother.
Your joy from doing what little you can,
Is like that of driving a Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Questioning Jack

Our little grandson we call Jack,
To six a month does only lack,
Often comes up to our door
And asks we read to him some more.

An hour or two to him we read,
Many a good and thrilling deed,
But what are these to one his age,
He wants the Sunday funny page.

Some of his questions haven't sense,
When we can't answer, says we're dense,
But we have never seen a child,
That doesn't ask some questions wild.

Who is Andy, who is Min?
He starts right in when we begin,
Then which is Jeff and which is Mutt?
Not once his mouth is ever shut.

We do not call our time a waste,
Because we do not like his taste,
He's only just a boy, you know,
Give him time and he will grow.

We hold his interest not a minute,
Unless the book has pictures in it,
He wants the tiger, bear and lion,
These to him are simply fine.

Where they live and what they do,
And have they children quite a few?
Are questions for an explanation,
We have to use imagination.

He asks us all about the stars,
And then he turns to motor cars,
To this one subject then he sticks,
We both agree on Studebaker Six.

—*The Car with Character.*

Strength of Unity

We have in every church in town,
You'll find if you attend around,
Some persons with distorted views,
Who sadly desecrate their pews.

Some let others do the work,
All their lives they've been a shirk,
But they're free to give advice,
And often give it to you twice.

Others watch a chance to jerk,
Their hearts of opposition lurk
For chance to break the harmony,
Of those who faithful try to be.

Some do not the preacher like
And withhold their little mite,
To them religion's an excuse
For right to exercise abuse.

Others we have learned to know,
Failing power to run the show,
Try to bust the church in two,
A self-appointed wrecking crew.

There's, too, the modern pharisee,
Who tries to make all others see,
No truth but of the prophets' time,
And tries to rule as right divine.

The worst of all we think are them,
Who every minute shout "Amen,"
While those in supplication pray,
And live the week another way.

But some are serving churches well,
Or else the world would go to hell,
Men work in the factory as one man
And give us the perfect Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character,*

For His Name's Sake

He leadeth me in pastures green,
But not always. I have often seen
He leadeth me in weary ways,
But by my side He ever stays.

He who knoweth what is best,
Leadeth me from paths of rest.
Where hang the heavy shadows low,
My Shepherd Lord does also go.

He leads me, too, by waters still,
To teach me how to do His will.
No, not always does He lead me so,
Oft-times the tempests round me blow.

He leadeth me, I shall not want,
When by His side keep as I ought.
In His wisdom o'er my soul
He lets the waves and billows roll.

When beat the storms from darkest cloud,
And for His help I cry aloud,
No refuge near where I can fly,
The Master somewhere standeth by.

To my soul he whispers leading on,
Though through the valley shadows long,
No evil will I ever fear,
"Lo, it is I," my Lord is near.

So where He leads me, well I know,
I can safely with Him go.
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
For Thou art with me where I be.

Surely goodness and mercy, too,
Shall follow me all days my life through.
When I dwell with Him I then shall know,
Why, in His wisdom, he led me so.

Our Limitation

An author we've never aspired to be,
Starvation we've never desired to see.
There's other reasons we'll give to you,
Why we've not written a book or two.

The people would show no burst of speed,
To buy or borrow our book to read.
Write for publishing one that is fit,
We might, but none would publish it.

We have found, you, too, will also find,
To their own defects all authors are blind,
They are only happy, in our estimation,
When below the cares of a reputation.

The book of an author often implies
His brain is fed on exercise.
He never offends in writing too little,
From writing too much there is no acquittal.

At any old time, in any old place,
A man may write and fill up space,
But a book that is written in ninety days,
Returns to its author in various ways.

There's authors a few of whom we're fond,
With whom the pen is a magic wand.
Their judgment sound in what they tell,
To them is the ground of writing well.

Could we familiar make new things,
By telling them in a way that rings,
And familiar things make them as new,
Then we would write a book for you.

But knowing full well our limitation,
For writing a book we've no inclination.
There is nothing gained in wasting paper,
We are better at selling Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Buying City Space

Pomona is in the throes of a boom,
She is filling up all of the vacant room.
In time we will hardly know the place,
She is buying city papers' space.

Between the setting of sun and dawn,
A walnut grove becomes a lawn.
Shacks with buildings tall are replaced,
From buying the city papers' space.

Vineyards are being turned into parks,
Flying around are promoting sharks.
Old timers take on a smiling face,
Reading those "ads" in pages of space.

We have built a million dollar school,
We have got a limit parking rule.
The Chamber of Commerce is backing the race,
For buying the city papers' space.

We are turning road into city street,
We meet the trains to tourist greet.
Of the country town we have not a trace,
We are buying the city papers' space.

We now have numerous boulevard stops,
Employment increasing the number of cops.
Thanks be! the statute is now on its base.
Pomona should take more pages of space.

Just look at the people it's bringing in,
The rich, the poor, the fat, the thin.
We'll soon have all of the human race,
If Pomona keeps running the city space.

Each "ad" costs only some hundreds of bucks,
They are bringing our merchants wealth in trucks.
We are selling each day more Six Studebakers,
But not from those "ads" in the big city papers.

—*The Car with Character.*

Lasting Impressions

When we once handled letter mail,
There used to come a woman frail,
To get a letter from her only son,
A letter from him that never did come.

While going down life's gentle slope,
She came each day with heart of hope,
"Is my letter here?" with just a tear,
As hope contested with her fear.

"There is nothing here, not yet," we'd say,
As she in sadness turned away.
Our answer seemed to strike her dumb,
Such disappointment from her son.

Through sunshine, rain or windy gale,
She daily called to ask for mail.
For hours she'd often patient wait,
Her letter might come on the freight.

At last, for her a letter came,
But she had fever of the brain.
We could not tell her it had come,
'Twas well; it wasn't from her son.

The letter bore an official stamp,
Her son had passed away in camp.
This mother's spirit hoping fled,
Not knowing her only son was dead.

To you, young man, away from home,
Have you a mother sad and lone?
No power, when death calls, can it stay,
So write to mother, do not delay.

This story we tell to you is truth,
'Twas years ago, days of our youth,
Between the age of boy and man,
There was no Six Studebaker Sedan.

—The Car with Character,

Rabbit Elusiveness

There came to us a vision of life's perpetual dream,
We made our decision to follow up the gleam.
We could build a fortune big and doubly sure,
Raising market rabbits if the breed was pure.

We bought up all the lumber in Curran's lumber yard,
Built a thousand hutches, for cost had no regard.
Faithfully with many tools we labored every day,
Fully settled in our mind we'd make the rabbits pay.

We were told by rabbit men, buy only blooded stock,
Every breeder of a kind would all the others knock.
To get the weight it seemed to us the safe and easy way,
Only raise the blooded stock of purest Belgian gray.

So we bought at fancy price a hundred for a start,
We'd show the rabbit men that we were very smart.
We saw them grow and multiply, built castles in the air,
Figured what we'd also buy from raising Belgian hare.

A fleet of latest motor cars, the best ones ever built,
Masterpieces, too, of art in frames of finest gilt.
Profits from our rabbits would buy us many things,
Wipe away the loss our orchard always brings.

But rabbits often figure out in real the other way,
We weren't slow in finding out, buying Hinman hay.
For every dollar rabbits brought two was spent for grain,
We sold a million, more or less, but not a cent of gain.

Had we the balance of our life raised only Belgian hare,
In years a few, at best, our cupboard would be bare.
A bankrupt we would turn to be and die a debtor slave,
Rabbits beat the world to eat a man into his grave.

Man is dreaming when he says, money he has made,
Raising Belgian rabbits as his only line of trade.
We had our fun, quit the game, for a better profit-maker,
The rest of life we'll be content in selling Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Pull of the Desert

When making a trip to the east and back,
Over thousands of miles of railroad track,
One thing that brings to us tolerant smiles,
Are remarks of some on desert trials.

No right have you to say he's a fool,
Who chooses the desert to live and rule,
He, too, of the cities with lights that glare,
No doubt would say but fools live there.

When riding over our desert miles,
You'll see no houses like city styles,
Just now and then some desert shacks
Of those whom desert life attracts.

Just talk with any desert man,
He won't move out although he can,
Surveying the distant peak and rim,
He'll tell of the desert's hold on him.

The desert cares not for your past,
Its one concern, can you hold fast.
The desert makes but one demand,
To live, you must be all a man.

Merciless in its might and power,
Demanding life within the hour,
Grim and forbidding to you who see
None of its life that's wild and free.

To tune your soul with God aright,
There is nothing compared with a desert night.
The stars come down and turn your thought
To Him who life for you He bought.

For life in the great eternity,
The city so far as we can see,
Adds nothing but what the desert can,
Even unto a Six Studebaker Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Stick to Your Bush

There's not a day we do not see
Some discontented man,
Who thinks some other's better off
And has a better plan.
Instead of staying on the job
And working with a push,
He leaves the berries all around
And hunts another's bush.

Your work is not the one at fault,
You have not fully tried,
You can not do it as you should,
If once dissatisfied.
Every task though great or small,
That ever man befell,
Is worth the doing, if at all,
Your best to do it well.

Discontent to move about
Will never make you bones,
Just as moss is never found
By ever rolling stones.
It's concentration to your work
With nothing to detract,
That brings returns to compensate
For every single act.

To your liking choose a job
And have the will to do,
Keep your eyes fixed on perfection,
Stick and see it through.
Like Studebaker, the factory makes,
We joyful sell and push,
Quality, they will not forsake,
But stick unto their bush.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Price of Illusion

Beasts and birds make no mistake,
When for themselves they choose a mate.
But often humans match by pair
And then proceed to buck and rare.

They start right in to hate as soon
As they have had their honeymoon.
Each starts the other to berate
When love has cooled and it's too late.

When one the other fails to suit,
She's a wretch and he's a brute.
O'er every question they will wrangle
And make of life an awful tangle.

When home becomes a fight arena
And he's a bear, she's a hyena,
Love is quickly put to rout,
Hate comes in and hangs about.

Man and wife should live in peace,
Love each day should more increase.
The only way a pair should live
And would, if sense to them He'd give.

But when they have no chance to mate,
They should decide to separate.
The court should give each one divorce
And let them take a separate course.

Some say they should not wed again,
Divorced, then single should remain.
We'd let them wed once more and try,
Their blunder made to rectify.

If head would work in tune with heart,
Man and wife would never part.
There'd be more happy benedicts,
We'd sell more Studebaker Six.

—*The Car with Character.*

For Better Things

The day is gone when our young men
Think they should start for home at ten.
And now they think it is their right
To make a day out of the night.

On Monday night he calls on Rose,
Dressed in his evening suit of clothes.
They go to see some actors play,
Then eat and drink the night away.

On Tuesday night he calls on Anne,
To her, he is her steady man.
They to a dance go at eleven,
His idea of an earthly heaven.

On Wednesday night he calls on Jane,
You wonder if the man is sane.
They visit round at cabarets,
Without a thought for other days.

Thursday night is Lucy's time,
And Gertrude's next to come in line.
Saturday night he's with the boys,
To finish out his week of joys.

You wonder why this present day,
Young men with jobs no longer stay.
Why there are now so few of them
On whom you safely can depend.

Young man you can not every night,
Stay out till morning's early light.
If to yourself you would be true,
Think more of work you have to do.

Health and mind can not be fine,
If you will dissipate your time.
Make of yourself a useful man
Like Studebaker's Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

By the Wayside

In every man you are sure to find, if you only will,
Some little good by looking, remaining in him still.
Pick out the one from all you think to be the worst,
And not even he, by God above is cursed.

With just a kindly word and just a little smile,
You can make him feel that he is yet worthwhile.
You will find he has in him some little good,
And would like to show it if he only could.

There is not a man whom God Himself has made,
Who has not in him good if he be only staid.
Say only good of him and you will make him glad,
Although you know of him only what is bad.

There are kindly deeds in many a human soul,
There is never one that is wicked on the whole.
Souls with kindly deeds that yet are sleeping there,
For courage to be given by other souls that dare.

Could they to us but show up at their very best,
And, too, the good that is in each of all the rest,
This world of ours would then soon commence to move,
And all would help to make life upon it smooth.

Give a kindly word to every man that's down,
One you'll always find if you only look around.
Do not be quick to criticise, it's better to be mute,
No human yet was ever found that everyone will suit.

There is in every living man some things that are new,
That you would surely learn if pointed out to you.
Things that every one of us would better be to know,
And pass around to others as through life we go.

So when you meet a brother who is down and out,
Only see in him the good and help him face about.
Do not careless pass him by, do the little that you can,
You will better then enjoy a Studebaker Six Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Collected Advice

What's best to eat, we'd like to know,
To live a ripe old age.
And should we eat it fast or slow,
And never eat when in a rage!
For years we've asked the medicos,
But few of them agree.
Some, eat but meat and potatoes,
And others, let them be.

One good old Doc to us did tell,
Eat nothing just at night.
You then will keep both strong and well,
And sleep both sound and tight.
Another said, two meals a day,
And sparingly at that,
If long on earth you wish to stay,
And grow old, round and fat.

Then one, a vegetarian,
Said eat but garden stuff,
Or soon you'll be a carrion,
And buzzards treat you rough.
Again, on nuts we're told to live,
They make digestion good.
Strength and vigor they will give,
If eaten as they should.

One, when he speaks, says, cut the sweets,
For you they do not suit.
Eat no carrots, beans or beets
Eat only ripest fruit.
If we would heed all good advice,
We'd never eat at all.
We'd live on mush and milk and rice,
And Studebakers more install.

—The Car with Character.

Servility of Imitation

In life you'll notice it never fails,
Behind the procession one always trails,
If short of an own imagination,
And seeks to practice imitation.

When evil he wishes to imitate,
He speeds at a most exceeding rate,
But the good he would imitate and tries,
The power nowhere within him lies.

If imitation's weakness in you dwells,
It's in your brain, fills all its cells,
Take our advice, look close at life,
To express in truth saves much of strife.

An imitator falls into ways absurd,
He stands no chance to lead the herd,
He will ever hold a servile place
In the marching ranks of life's good race.

To imitate others of brighter mind,
Is flattery of the sincerest kind,
An imitator at best is a poor misfit,
He never can be a good counterfeit.

It's the truest mark of a little mind,
To tread servilely imitation's grind,
Your manners, opinions, your very life,
By imitation are formed when it is rife.

Imitation leads us from natural ways,
Into ones artificial, producing slaves,
It often causes some bitter attacks,
Not infrequent some humorous cracks.

When ignorant of your mind's limitation,
Do not display it through imitation,
Or foolishly spread it in the daily paper,
The second page carries the Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Acme of Happiness

If you would be happy, to us, it seems,
You must live content within your means.
Rather than luxury, rich and sleek,
Only elegance you should seek.

For more refinement strive to attain,
Forsake the round of fashion vain.
To be respectable do not reject,
To be worthy is better in every respect.

With diligence try to gain in wealth,
But don't for riches ruin your health.
Three meals a day with an appetite,
Is all to demand you have the right.

It is a privilege you should guard,
To quietly think and study hard.
You should also cultivate the knack,
To gently talk and frankly act.

With an open heart that nothing debars,
Learn to listen to the shining stars,
To birds of the air and birds in cages,
Also to babes as well as to sages.

Misfortune, ill luck and times of despair,
Cheerfully all of them learn to bear.
Do everything bravely, require no persuasion,
Be not in a hurry but wait the occasion.

These things if practised will happiness bring,
And to the spiritual help you to cling.
You will unbidden, unconscious grow,
Up through the common we firmly throw.

'Twill bring contentment and inward peace,
Such happiness as can never cease.
Add to these there is nothing one can
But a Six Studebaker Big Sedan.

—The Car with Character,

The Voice in Nature

We know a little nook just a few rods wide,
In the mountain's canyon where we like to hide.
All around is nature, happy in her smiles,
Peace and quiet reigns to banish heavy trials.

It's like a little vestibule with velvet on the floor,
This far away retreat where grass is growing o'er,
It's trellised all around with bushes standing high,
With filigree above for peeping at the sky.

We love to watch the birds, they venture very near,
We now and then imagine we can see a deer.
When we hear the quail sound his mating call,
Our heart is rid of bitterness till there is none at all.

The mountains standing high always looking down,
Gives an inward feeling there are friends around.
The little brook that trickles from the melting snows,
Whispers to us softly as on its way it goes.

The lupin bids us welcome at any time of day,
The tiger-lily beckons for us to come and play.
The shining sun above in the bosom of the sky,
Is all that's to remind us how the minutes fly.

So when we're worn and weary, footstep, too, is heavy,
Burdens on our strength make too big a levy,
Our temper isn't good, we're feeling rather cross,
We hunt our little nook where time is not a loss.

There where mother nature seems to love us so,
We find our consolation when to her we go.
We never find her peevish, cross or ever fretful,
She gives us inspiration for cares to be forgetful.

In this little nook in quiet contemplation,
We see the hand of God in all of earth's creation,
We then more fully realize it's in the general plan,
We should sell and advertise Studebaker Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Air Castles

Pomona had visions bright and fair,
She would soon be spreading everywhere,
Make the biggest town you have ever seen,
When we started the Teetor Adding Machine.

The boom would begin when the factory came,
Outdo all the other towns of fame,
People riding through in the daily trains,
Would see how Teetor had brought us gains.

On the corner of every street was a crowd,
Opinions were heard both clear and loud,
Pomona would profit by a million "bean,"
When they started to make Teetor Adding Machine.

The papers proceeded to spread it around,
Stock was sold throughout the town,
If you didn't buy you were stingy and mean,
Promoting the Teetor Adding Machine.

Be a good fellow and give us a check,
Returns will be greater than you should expect,
Was dinned in our ears, near to a scream,
The song of the Teetor Adding Machine.

So day after day the people would flock,
And wait for the time by the strike of the clock,
When all was in place to the very last beam,
Wheels would be turning Teetor Adding Machine.

The people dropped some of their precious cash,
Now they can see the scheme was rash,
They did not milk US dry and clean
To build the Teetor Adding Machine.

It now has been much more than a year,
There will never be a machine we fear,
From giving you safety nothing will swerve us,
It's in Studebaker PLUS Reynolds Service.

—*The Car with Character.*

Beauty of Friendship

One of the highest delights of life,
Is to have a good friend in peace and strife.
To be a good friend there is no debating,
Is a noble and difficult undertaking.

Friendship on fancy does not depend,
Neither on sentiment in the end.
These are nothing more than a factor,
Friendship only builds on character.

No man is so poor we do contend,
That he is not rich if he has a friend.
Real friendship will abide all time,
It suffereth long and ever is kind.

Of itself it makes no vain display,
But pursues the tenor of its way.
From ill-report it takes no affright,
But is loyal with distress in sight.

It does not have the prismatic joys,
That love so artfully employs.
But is often closer much by far,
Than love without a single bar.

Friendship has its heights serene,
Its valleys know few clouds between.
If you to friendship do aspire,
Affection, too, you must acquire.

Most truly friendship is a gift,
Also acquired or it is missed.
All hearts that would be kind and gracious,
Treasure friendships dear and precious.

It is worthy your best and highest endeavor,
To be a real friend to someone forever.
For faith and courage strive as you can,
Be true like a Studebaker Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Forsake Not!

Farmer Jones lived next to me,
From debt his acres all were free.
His farm was just a section square,
No better land was anywhere.

When he was young and full of life,
He settled there with just his wife.
Filled with hope and proud ambition,
Prepared to meet all opposition.

From starting small with acres few,
His farm to large proportions grew.
By faithful work and farmers skill,
He got ahead as farmers will.

The children now he had around,
To educate he'd move to town.
And so the farm to him so dear,
He rented out from year to year.

Then to all he did announce,
He'd build in town the biggest house.
In comfort he would now abide,
The rest of life until he died.

But Farmer Jones got one surprise,
His move to town was most unwise.
His soul was planted in the soil,
Where he had given years of toil.

And so as we have often seen,
When farmers for the town are keen,
In but a dozen years or less,
They seek eternal happiness.

Now Farmer Jones with good right arm,
Drove Studebaker on the farm.
In town till going to his Maker,
He rode around in a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Nothing Without Hope

Our living would be all in vain,
If hope our life did not contain.
Hope eternal in the human breast,
For everything that's good and best.

Faith in our every life is force,
Hope from faith you can't divorce.
Hope is health to all the sick,
A dream to working-men who stick.

Hope is brightest when out of fears,
The morning of joy as trouble clears.
Exulting springs on triumphs wings,
The morrow to bring us better things.

Hope with youth goes hand in hand,
Hope will make the years expand.
Hope that dwells in the human soul,
Awakens courage for the highest goal.

To glorious hope as we journey on,
Shadows of burden we bid begone.
Although sometimes she may deceive,
To the end of life she tries to please.

When hope for you sings not a song,
The brightness of your life is gone.
In hope we have our blessedness,
When hope is gone it's wretchedness.

The farmer sows his seeds of grain,
And hopes for sunshine and the rain.
With hope he toils from day to day,
The harvest will his work repay.

Our life has not a surer friend
On whom we safely can depend.
If hope we always keep up high,
More Studebakers you will buy.

—*The Car with Character.*

Satisfied

If Heaven is finer, make no mistake,
More beauties there than the Golden State,
We'd like to go to the place some day,
And there forever go to stay.

Our golden fruit on laden trees,
Caressed by the Southland's gentle breeze,
Fills many a heart with perfect joy,
And many a tourist does decoy.

Our mountain peaks of wondrous height,
Awe and thrill us with delight.
Our canyons deep, forbidding, are grand
As any found in all the land.

Our perfect days warmed by the sun
Are glorious, every single one.
Our wonderful clear and perfect air,
There is no better anywhere.

Our mountain streams, racing and gay,
Down rugged slopes finding their way,
Clear and cold from mountain snow,
In our affections yearly grow.

On every highway, on every street,
Roses grow profuse and sweet.
Flowers of every shade and hue,
All the year are greeting you.

Heaven may have her streets of gold,
Signs in numbers, too, untold.
But California's paved highways,
We hope to enjoy for years of days.

California, or we are sore mistaken,
Beats all the earth for this combination,
Good roads and climate beyond compare
And Six Studebakers everywhere.

—*The Car with Character.*

Better Done Today

We are always planning for the years to come,
The things we will do that we have not done.
We should instead of planning so far away,
Consider what we can do today.

In years to come we'll give of our gold,
In generous sums we'll give untold.
Gifts deferred don't wholly repay,
But a hundred per cent if given today.

In years to come we'll take the time,
To lift the heart of him who is trying.
We'll wipe the scalding tears away,
'Twould better be if done today.

Words we'll speak of love and cheer,
We promise ourselves in another year.
For these there are many now who pray,
And we should speak a few today.

We have always meant to be more kind,
In years to come we'll have more time.
But we would better hear one say,
We have been kind to him today.

In years to come far from our youth,
We will more steadfast seek the truth.
Deceitful things aside we'll lay,
But truth is easier sought today.

The hungering souls of earth we'll feed,
When we in the years have all we need.
There is hunger now that we could stay,
The need is just as great today.

Reap such joys in the years, we may,
But it's better to reap a few today.
There is safety in doing while we can,
Like buying a Six Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Deficient

Beguiled to hear on a recent night,
An opera star of power and might,
We listened two hours and a little more,
To the numbers in her repertoire.

They said her songs were very fine,
Some people she started to softly crying,
But give to us the old time coon
With a popular whistling melody tune.

The high and mighty classical stuff,
Some people never can get enough,
While one song after another she sang,
We longed for a song with biff and bang.

The trills and runs may be alright,
Some people say they are out of sight,
But give us a tune the band can play,
Dashing and flashing, cheerful and gay.

Some like the hard and difficult score,
And madly clamor for more and more,
But give us the old time melody,
Our mothers sang in the yesterday.

Like the classical, try as hard as we can,
It is also true with many a man,
No music we see of a heart appeal,
Give us a march, a dance or reel.

Minors and majors are Greek to us,
We never enthuse or make a fuss,
An old time song and a sweet refrain,
Gladdens our heart when sung again.

We know we are like the most of men,
To please the women we rave to them,
But you will notice as soon as we can,
We start for home in a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Gift of Hospitality

Blest is that humble home for good,
Where guests have not misunderstood,
Where want as sometimes enters there,
Does always find a welcome chair.

Blest be that table simply laid,
Where family none are made afraid,
But laugh and jest with pleasant smiles,
In pity, sigh o'er others trials.

When strangers dwell within their gates,
No signs there be of bitter hates,
Just to minister as they should,
They learn the joy of doing good.

Be not forgetful at any time,
The Bible says, in words divine,
Some have angels entertained,
Unawares, when strangers have remained.

When hospitality is genuine,
It's from the heart and very fine,
It's quickly felt but not described,
It brings the stranger to your side.

Hospitality is not alone
Lodging the stranger in your home,
It's letting honor, love and the truth,
Go out to him of age or youth.

It's not the food and the drink you serve,
Or entertainment wearing nerve,
That of the banquet makes a feast,
But cheer of guest unto the least.

Hospitality and other virtues
Are practiced more by the poor and churches.
If the rich would also do their share,
We have Studebakers to stand the wear.

—*The Car with Character,*

The Ribbon Clerk

We feel a kindly sympathy whene'er we see a lad,
Whom people say is doing well for all the chance he had.
But one exciting more of pity than any we have seen,
Was selling ribbons in the city, known as Willie Green.

His father was a business man, there never was a finer,
His mother you will understand was just a social climber.
Willie was their only son, they doted much on him,
Father furnished all the "mon" and mother all the sin.

Her heart was set to make of him a man of perfect mien,
Instructors fat, also slim, she had for Willie Green.
They always followed him around, he was never rude,
Willie grew up very proud like any simple dude.

He never was allowed to play with merely common boys,
But almost every single day he had expensive toys.
No playing marbles in the dirt to soil his little hands,
No ball for fear he would get hurt or trailing after bands.

'Twas every morning take a bath and manicure his nails,
Then a walk by private path while mother upward sails.
'Twas music on the piano and then the violin,
'Twas her queer and funny way to make her Willie win.

He had to go to dancing school, it made his mother glad,
But Willie felt just like a fool, to dance it made him mad.
Other kids kept guying him, called him girlish names,
What could you expect of them, we all have done the same.

Had Willie punched a head or two, cut his hugging girls,
Had he been sent to public school, shorn of all his curls,
Like father he'd have surely been in later years to come,
A business man the same as him and not a ribbon bum.

The boy that takes the knocks, plays with other boys,
In years will get the "rocks" and more of earthly joys.
The boy brought up to be a "sis" and not a manly man,
The thing he later most will miss is a Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Love for the Old Chair

We possess and love an old arm chair,
Chide us for loving it who shall dare.
To treasure it long has been our right,
We lounge and write in it most every night.

In it so often, we will never know why,
We have wept and laughed, heaved many a sigh.
Like bands of steel it is bound to our heart,
From it our affection will never depart.

A favorite place for an hour of rest,
From labor to which we have given our best.
Memories sweet and tender come to us there,
And banish our worry and trouble and care.

From its spacious seat and high lazy back,
When the day is done and night is black,
The children we watch in fun and play,
Much as we did in our childhood day.

We like them to gather and linger near,
Each with expectant and listening ear.
Laughter and smiles on their faces fair,
Beguile from us stories from the old arm chair.

Our feelings are sacred for the chair with arms,
For associations true and delightful charms.
From it we have given much kindly advice,
When first before speaking we had to think twice.

When storms have gathered with signs of despair,
We have learned how much the heart can bear.
Moments crowned with joy and some with woe,
Spirit sometimes high and sometimes low.

You, too, no doubt have an old arm chair,
A treasure, indeed, but worse for wear.
There in your memory the years you span,
The chair you love like a Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Joy Riding Through Life

Most of people do not die,
They kill themselves, at least they try,
Not in a sensational grewsome way,
But through neglect and strenuous play.

They do not give their engines oil,
They overheat and start to boil,
Then they burn their bearings out,
And start to go the downward route.

In middle life they've run their time,
When that should be their years of prime.
Just when their value should be most,
They're called away to be a ghost.

They're born and trained to be of use,
At man's estate they turn them loose,
Then they throw in gear and speed,
No Nature's warning signals heed.

They're full of air and oil and gas,
They try to all the others pass,
They think there's nothing more to know,
Throw throttle wide and off they go.

They make of life a ride of joy,
Till things begin to them annoy,
They're running into pains and aches,
Followed by some nervous breaks.

They tire at efforts slight expense,
Short they've been on common sense,
Just when they are mature in mind,
Their body's broken and declined.

They might have made a great ascend,
But it is never too late to mend,
They yet can put in life some kicks,
Through driving a Big Studebaker Six.

—The Car with Character.

When Goin' Kissin'

Some say kissin' is an awful sin,
You get the germs from another's skin,
But we say kissin's no harm at all,
Kissin' was done 'fore Adam's fall.

Before sin entered the garden of Eden,
Adam kissed Eve both mornin' an' evenin',
Long before we were boys and girls,
People were a-kissin' all over the world.

If kissin' were a thing against the law,
Your Pa would never be a-kissin' your Ma,
There'd be no kissin' at the barber's ball,
Lawyers would allow no kissin' at all.

If kissin' were a most unholy thing,
There'd be no kissin' with a weddin' ring,
The preacher himself would do no kissin',
Against all kissin' he'd do a lot o' hissinn'.

If kissin' were not both modest an' good,
Maidens wouldn't be a-kissin' when they could,
Maidens everywhere sweet, pure an' chaste,
Let none o' their kissin' ever go to waste.

If kissin' were scarce and hard to find,
Some people for kissin' would fall behind,
The rich would soon on kissin' get a corner,
The poor no kissin' to make heart warmer.

In the many years kissin' has been goin' on,
There's been many reasons why kissin' is wrong,
But whether kissin's wrong or whether it's right,
There is nothin' like kissin' for pure delight,

Course there's a difference in who you're kissin',
Never go a-kissin' unless she is wishin',
When kissin' you're stealin' be careful as you can,
The best place for kissin' is in a Big Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Time's Changes

Some thousand years ago when Adam was a boy,
Many things they didn't know that we today enjoy.
Pomona had no rocky streets or lamps set out of line,
No policemen on their beats to make you pay a fine.

No railroad gates were always down across a busy street,
They had no bawling cow in town to tell you when to eat.
No traffic laws of limit speed to stop the autos' joy,
No crossing signals did they heed when Adam was a boy.

People worked for little pay when Adam was a boy,
They required an honest day from those they did employ.
They did not punch a clock to check their working time,
Nor did they ever have to dock because they were behind.

No thermometers they had to tell how hot the day,
It then had not become the fad for everyone to say,
"Gee! this day's a scorcher, the fruit it will destroy,"
They had no oranges in orchards when Adam was a boy.

Life surely was most awful dull when Adam was a boy,
No censor boards to cull and best in films destroy.
There were no village councilmen to put the tax so high,
Shows in tents would contend they had to pass you by.

No daily drives for this and that when Adam was a boy,
They did not even pass the hat, no beggars to annoy.
No Commerce Chambers then to advertise the town,
No running in your den to better shake you down.

They had no yearly county fair to sell you watered stock,
No golf for men with grayish hair or little balls to knock.
There were no women's clubs when Eve was shy and coy,
No faces marred with rouge when Adam was a boy.

No girls at telephone to tell you "line is busy,"
Entice you from your home or make you gay and dizzy.
But in the days away so far one thing they did enjoy,
Was dreams of Studebaker car when Adam was a boy.

—*The Car with Character.*

That Old Ash-Hopper

Out under a big box-elder tree,
The old ash-hopper stood.
It was long and wide, tall six foot three,
And made from staves of wood.
No bottom was in the thing at all,
At least it seemed to us,
When we were called from playing ball,
To fill its spaciousness.

We carried in buckets from the pump,
Water to fill the old hopper,
The ashes sucked it up with a gulp,
There seemed no way to stop 'er.
The camel for water is a whopper,
But takes none on its way,
But we remember that old ash-hopper,
Wanted water every day.

When days were hot and dry and lazy
And bees were droning in the air,
When fish were biting hard and crazy
And fishing good most anywhere,
When locusts calling in the timber,
We counted fun to hear the roar,
We'd hear the ashes and the cinder,
In the hopper call for more.

It seemed to us that big old hopper,
Water enough it couldn't get,
Always calling until it got 'er,
We hear it calling water yet.
There are things we fondly do remember,
But under the tree that old ash-can,
Spoils many a picture sweet and tender,
Of days before the Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Wedding at Schooley's

On Fifth Street, at Schooley's in the "Morning Glory,"
There once was a wedding and this is the story,
The bridegroom known by the name "Sweet William,"
"Marguerite" was the bride and one in a million.

"Violet," the bridesmaid, was both sweet and fair,
And lovingly she combed the tender "Maiden's Hair,"
With a bit of flaming "Coxcomb" most beautiful, indeed,
Grown in the spacious garden kept free of all the weed.

The preacher, "Johnny Jumpup," noted for his good,
Most fitting to his calling, he wore the "Monk's Hood,"
The rite making them, as one, to "Live-forever,"
"Lily" tall and stately, said, 'twas done very clever.

Then timid and a-flutter went up sweet blushing "Rose,"
To kiss the happy bride when the ceremony closed,
Next to wish them well was noted "Bachelor Button,"
With "Daisy" by his side, both went up a struttin'.

The wedding breakfast spread "Bluebell" for them rang,
As in they gaily marched a wedding song they sang,
When all were duly seated "Bouncing Betty" hurried,
Swiftly moving all about she was so very flurried.

"Butter-and-the-Eggs" was served each wedding guest,
"Honeysuckles," too, were on the menu with the rest,
Toasts a-plenty, also, they drank from "Buttercups,"
Till "Lady-in-the-Green" had a case of bad hiccoughs.

"Princess' Feathers," gathered with a pair of clippers,
They fanned her and, also, removed her "Lady Slippers,"
The "Lilybells" were busy making "Bleeding Hearts,"
Until the guests departed, each for other parts.

From the "Morning Glory" this lasted through the day,
Guests till "Four o'Clock" were there prepared to stay,
Each as they departed said you must "Touch-Me-Not,"
For a Studebaker Six Sedan most surely I have got.

—The Car with Character.

Duplication

Several hymns had the audience sung,
With melody the church had rung,
The congregation was settled down
To hear a sermon good and sound.

Churches, Weekly Bulletins run,
To tell you what is being done,
We know not why the preachers do
Insist on reading them to you.

Before the sermon's at you fired,
They read announcements till you're tired,
They read you every little shred,
That you should read yourself, instead.

"Tonight at seven," they start to read,
"The music will be fine, indeed,
Led by our brother Timbuctoo,
A musical treat prepared for you."

"Monday night the Ladies' Aid,
To meet the bills which they have made,
Will serve a supper and you they invite,
Be there at six tomorrow night."

"On Tuesday night the young folks claim
Their speaker is a man of fame.
Wednesday is the night of prayer,
We hope to see a number there."

"Thursday night the official board,
To miss, no member can afford.
Friday night the mission band
Meet to discuss the foreign land."

"Saturday night for you is rest,
Then Sunday morning do your best
To be at Sunday School at nine,
Drive Studebaker to be on time."

—*The Car with Character.*

Disillusioned

We thought his books must be inspired,
From reading them we never tired,
He surely must immortal be,
With millions more we did agree.

He wrote such words as often stole
As music to a hungry soul,
They found their way straight to the heart,
And made contrary thoughts depart.

Each phrase was like a precious gem
To help this sinful world of men,
He talked with mountain as with friend,
He held us spellbound to the end.

His thoughts were lofty, pure and high,
As clear as heaven's bluest sky,
Like gentle breezes from the west,
We found in them our peace and rest.

His books had all gone far abroad,
The world was free to praise and laud,
They learned to love him more and more,
The books he wrote they did adore.

Now our love has gone astray,
From his books we turn away,
We do not now revere his name,
He was not careful of his fame.

Now good fortune on him frowns,
He wears no longer hallowed crowns,
No sunlight shines within his books,
We pass them by with saddened looks.

He who writes should surely know,
To guide his footsteps where they go,
Like men who build Studebaker Six,
Build each one better and then it sticks.

—*The Car with Character.*

Where We Long to Stay

Pomona! where you would like to live,
Blest with riches but He can give,
In the lap of the valley's luxuriant green,
Of all surveyed she is the queen.

Her resources are big and diversified,
Her people are happy and satisfied,
Churches in number more than twenty,
Schools the best and quite a-plenty.

Streets are paved and walks are wide,
Trees for shade grow on the side,
Parks for taking hours of rest,
All make for home a safe invest.

To north the majestic mother range,
Where lights and shadows hourly change,
Where the glorious peak San Antonio,
Stands high ten thousand feet in snow.

To south is beauty in rolling hills,
More mountains east that give you thrills,
The west is bound by the ocean blue
Where waves and billows beckon to you.

Where the sweetest navel oranges grow,
Where stock take prizes at every show,
Where bountiful crops of hay and grain
Add to the valley's yearly gain.

Where walnuts add a generous share,
Apricot and peach, plum and pear,
Contribute to the valley's wealth,
Yet, more than all is perfect health.

Up and down this western coast,
Are towns with perfect right to boast,
But none so good for your landing place,
Where Six Studebaker is first in the race.

—*The Car with Character.*

By Government's Help

Day after day inside of the cage,
When people would call of every age,
We ran the letters o'er and o'er,
Then to each, "there is nothing more."

When Farmer Jones would come to town,
Before he would start to look around,
The Post Office first he always made,
To get his Toledo Weekly Blade.

Cowboy from ranch, we see him yet,
Would call for his Police Gazette,
In sombrero and clanking spur,
"Have I got a letter here from her?"

Each day our heart would give a flop,
When a little miss came in with a hop,
"I want my letter," she always said,
As her face would turn a blushing red.

"Do you want these, too, for mother and dad?"
We would smile as three for them we had,
She would give her head a saucy toss,
And answer "no" with action cross.

As she each day came through the door,
For her letter weighing a pound or more,
Our heart with love did stronger grow,
Till the letter ceased to come and go.

In time we tamed the saucy miss,
And now her lips we fondly kiss,
But still she has that saucy way,
"Have you a letter for me today?"

Since the daily letter, years have gone,
Yet the time, to us, seems never long,
The government helped the thing to fix,
And now we drive a Studebaker Six.

—*The Car with Character.*

Decisions Value in Action

If you are inclined to be wicked and cuss,
Often disposed to stir up a fuss,
Have you ever resolved to turn and be good?
No doubt you'd find you could if you would.

There's never a time like the present minute,
When it will be easier for you to begin it,
If you put it off from one time to another,
Your good impulses you're sure to smother.

We ought to be perfect as near as we can,
'Tis the only way to be wholly a man,
Make up your mind to face right about,
And put your habits and faults to rout.

If you have deceived and swindled and lied,
Tricks you have done and then would hide,
Don't wait till tomorrow or some other time,
To cut it all out and live more divine.

When you would swear off don't set any date,
It means that you will procrastinate,
Start right in while intentions are good,
It's the surest way to do as you should.

If you have been known to slack in your work,
You've made up your mind to no longer shirk,
The time to start in is today, not tomorrow,
Delay may bring you regrets full of sorrow.

When you resolve to be good and do right,
Seek only the truth and things of the light,
There is just one way to be sure that you will,
Do it right now and your stubbornness kill.

There's many a perfectly good intention,
That comes to naught through flimsy invention,
When you decide for a Six Studebaker,
There's one on our floor and you can take 'er.

—*The Car with Character.*

Keeping the Farm

Neighbors gathered from all around,
Each was silent, not a sound,
Eyes were filled with tears and dim,
Death had called and was within.

The last but one of a long descent,
After a life of toil had spent,
Lay dead as he left for an only boy,
A mortgage to take from life its joy.

For generations from father to son,
Farm and mortgage had passed as one,
The interest had taken all of its gain,
The mortgage remained forever the same.

Neighbors agreed the chances were slim,
The mortgage would ever be raised by Jim,
He had just in years reached man's estate,
Enough for the mortgage he never could make.

But the boy was made of different stuff,
He tackled the job but found it tough,
His faith and hope and courage combined,
Cleared the farm of mortgage in time.

To the last departed of his race,
He had kept his word but he left the place,
He said goodby till again he'd come,
And started to making chewing-gum.

He made a gum that to all was new,
But the people bought it to chew and chew,
Now he's over and over a millionaire,
Made from courage with brains to spare.

He ever remembers his days on the farm,
Those hardships now have a wonderful charm,
He is fond of returning where life began,
In a Six Studebaker he goes when he can.

—*The Car with Character.*

Cornering the Truth

A curious thing it seems to us,
Why some will try to raise a fuss,
If all with them do not agree,
None but they the truth can see.

They're bound within a narrow creed,
To you no truth will they concede,
They're circumscribed by bigot walls,
All truth from God to them befalls.

If you for wisdom more would cry,
They've dipped the wisdom fountain dry,
They think they have no further need
Of anything beyond their creed.

They do not know the boundary
Of truth is farther than we see,
They're just deluded simple fools,
Bound by old tradition's rules.

They ever remind us of the man,
Who by the ocean took his stand,
And foolishly with hands did try
To dip the boundless ocean dry.

No one could harder work than he,
To dip the water from the sea,
That when he reached the bottom land,
The ships would sink into the sand.

So 'tis with those who think they're wise,
That all the truth within them lies,
No more can they all knowledge gain,
Than he who tried the sea to drain.

We have no cause to them despise,
They're only foolish and unwise,
When truth's corralled by a single man,
We'll have no use for the Six Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Boy Time—Play Time

They tell us why not spend a day,
Take up golf and learn to play,
The game is fine when understood,
The exercise will do you good.

The game of tennis we are told,
Is good to keep from growing old,
To strike the ball when it is high,
Will help to keep you young and spry.

Then again we're asked perchance,
Why we do not care to dance,
It makes you more a social power
Now and then to dance an hour.

When the year brings football time,
They say get in the rooter's line,
It fills you full of youthful vim
To see the fellows lose and win.

In every life there is a day,
When we should each learn how to play,
When once the time we pass it by,
We never learn although we try.

When boys are playing out of doors,
You have to stay and do the chores,
No recreations you can take,
It makes for you a life mistake.

When circus passing through the town,
The garden weeds you must cut down,
It dims the courage in the heart,
Your love for play takes its depart.

Now mighty mountains of endeavor,
Will be for us our play forever,
We no longer do a single chore,
We're selling Sixes by the score.

—*The Car with Character.*

Glenwood Mission Inn

Not far away is Riverside,
Just a place where folks reside.
There, too, is the Glenwood Mission Inn
To give you entertainment in.

If you have gone the world around,
None like the Glenwood you have found.
For days and nights of quiet rest
The Glenwood Mission Inn's the best.

No tourists come out here but say,
They must, at least, spend there a day, .
There's much to see and take your time
Besides to sleep and just to dine.

There's curious things from everywhere,
Some, indeed, exceeding rare.
Frank Miller trotting round the globe,
Here and there picks up a load.

East and west the people tell,
North and south they also yell,
About the different kinds of bells,
That at the Glenwood Mission dwells.

The organ extraordinary
Installed within the monastery,
Regales the guests with concerts grand,
And makes them feel the welcome hand.

There is only one Mount Rubidoux,
The Glenwood claim it as their show,
And each year early Easter morn,
Worship there the Savior born.

Every day on the great highway,
Some going to look, others to stay,
But whether to look or whether to stay,
All go by the Six Studebaker way.

—*The Car with Character.*

Our Home Address

Health in a country life we find,
Health for the body and, too, for the mind,
Far from the cities artificial and gay,
Made by the hands of men in a day.

To us who years in city have spent,
As we look at the smiling blue firmament,
Each morning at nature fresh and fair,
We breathe to heaven a thankful prayer.

Not the country sights alone do we love,
But the country sounds around and above,
Our spirit it cheers and greatly restores,
As music of nature over it pours.

Independence and love by the country is taught,
Where the air with stench never is fraught,
Where growing fields are of living green,
The mornings like operas we have seen.

The air of the country braces the nerves,
Warms the blood and strength preserves,
Scenes that we daily are permitted to view,
Are ever a novelty and always new.

We love the canyons by nature wrought,
They instruct and collect our wandering thought,
Their rocks and trees and flowers so gay,
Disperse our cares and turn them away.

The lark, the linnet, the mocking-bird,
Are sweeter than noise of the city heard,
Where the elements all conspire to bless,
The country our permanent home address.

God made the country, man made the city,
The Devil the suburbs, more is the pity,
In the country, freedom, we do declare,
Like Six Studebaker is everywhere.

—*The Car with Character.*

Everyone Has Them

To every man born is trouble due,
But don't trouble trouble till it troubles you,
Trouble will show you his burden of cares,
And urge you to take of his worrisome wares.

It is not designed your road be smooth,
While here upon earth you live and move,
Yet we will aver that all of us know,
By nursing our troubles they thrive and grow.

To soften your troubles and make them light,
Solace troubles of others and make them bright,
When trouble you're having with your automobile,
Buy a Six Studebaker and better you'll feel.

—*The Car with Character.*

With Apologies to Chicago

Man is so made to stand a lot of woe,
But there is a limit to which he can go,
When the call of our climate gets in the blood,
There is only one thing to do for his good.

A friend in our good old Chicago town,
Made a trip to our coast to look all around,
In the city no pleasure he longer can find,
And to us in rhyme he unburdens his mind.

"I'm tired of living in this darn town,
I'm tired of the noise that's all around,
I'm tired of paying my monthly rent,
And keeping a janitor old and bent."

"I'm tired of street cars crowded full,
My toes they tramp, my coat they pull,
I'm tired of summers hot and dry,
I'm tired of winters where coal is high."

"I'm going to move to your sunny clime,
If it takes my all but just a dime,
I'll leave my car behind—it's nix,
And buy from you a Studebaker Six."

—*The Car with Character.*

Mother Love

A thing we've never understood,
Yet, it seems but right we should,
Why it is that every man,
His mother's love can't understand.

We did not know her love nor fears,
For us when in our tender years.
It must have been she loved us so,
Is why in trouble to her we'd go.

In all her toil of heart and hand,
Her love we did not understand.
A mother's love no son can know,
Its fullest depths he can not go.

Words in childhood days would smart,
In naughty ways we hurt her heart.
When often we would her offend,
Her love for us was more than friend.

When later grown to youthful days,
Still we failed to know her ways,
In greatest joy or deepest woe,
Her heart was full, she loved us so.

When we a home had all our own,
She would wait no more alone,
We started life to play our part,
We felt the pull of mother's heart.

When we found life was hard and grim,
Her eyes with tears would fill and dim,
Still we could not fully know
Why our mother loved us so.

When our life has run its span,
On shores beyond we'll understand,
Studebaker days are done we'll go
To her because she loved us so.

—*The Car with Character.*

Never Say Die

Trials and troubles will turn and fly,
From willing hand and steady eye,
Put your troubles all to rout,
Go to work and fight it out.

Failure will from you depart,
When keeping an undefeated heart,
Never let your spirit doubt,
Keep up your courage and fight it out.

When your brain won't freely act,
Do not admit the ugly fact,
Make your efforts doubly stout,
Do not give up but fight it out.

When you have problems by the score,
Forsake them not and throw them o'er,
They'll make a hundred others sprout,
Face them square and fight it out.

When plans you make that often fail,
You've others yet to make prevail,
The things in life that mostly count,
Are those for which you fight it out.

When foes you meet, don't ever flinch,
You can win, fight inch by inch,
Keep purpose strong and, too, devout,
Fight them fair, but fight it out.

With others and yourself be square,
Do not give up, do not despair,
With highest hopes forever shout
Until you die you'll fight it out.

'Neath every cloud there's silver lining,
For losses do not get to pining,
Your troubles you will all surmount,
With a Studebaker Six to fight it out.

—The Car with Character.

Contraries in a Man's Life

To us it has occurred in our ruminations,
A man's whole life is full of temptations.
Into the world he comes without his consent,
Often for which he is made to repent.

But when he goes out it's against his will,
Or many a man would be living still.
From his coming to his going is exceedingly rough,
And featured by rules contrary and tough.

When he is little and talks with a lisp,
The big girls love him and give him a kiss.
When he is big and tall and full grown,
The little girls kiss him and play with his dome.

If he has misfortune and always is poor,
He manages bad they say of him sure.
But if he succeeds and is rolling in riches,
He then is dishonest and others bewitches.

If he is broke and needing of credit,
People refuse him and he can not get it.
Let him but prosper and fill up his till,
To do him a favor most everyone will.

If he for his country is in politics,
They say it is just for the graft he picks.
But if he is out and he has no concern,
He then is no good and worth not a durn.

If he to charity doesn't give all he has,
They say he is stingy and give him the raz.
But if he gives at all his friends will all know,
And say that he gives for nothing but show.

If he is religious and lives as he should,
He is hypocrite for his own good.
If he takes no interest in things of the church,
He's a sinner that's hardened and left in the lurch.

If he is well blessed with a bunch of affection,
Then he is soft and worth no attention.
If he is indifferent and cares for no one,
They call him cold-blooded and he should be shun.

If he but falls ill and then he dies young,
Great was the future that he would have won.
If to an old age he should live he is hissed,
Because it is said his calling he missed.

If he is thrifty and saves of his money,
He then is a grouch and queer and funny.
If he is careless and spends it around,
He then is a loafer and run out of town.

These are contraries that occurred to our mind,
And there are yet others of many a kind.
More easy and smooth is a Six Sedan,
Without the contraries like those in a man.

—*The Car with Character.*

A Day Dream

We would like to be a boy again
And wish we were a man.
We would like to drop our hook again
From the old bridges span.
We would like to stick our hand again
In that old rusty can.
We would like to hear the swish again
Of hornets near the dam.
We would like to fight our best again
With Jim and Jack and Fred and Sam.
We would like to eat our fill again
Of slabs of bread and cherry jam.
It sure would be good fun again
Just to be a boy again
And wish we were a man.
An after thought—And drive a Six Sedan.

Hard and Easy

This world they say is filled with treasure,
And each should have his share of pleasure,
There's enough to purchase a car for all,
And trade for a new one every fall.

There is food enough throughout the land,
For every hungry mouth's demand,
But those who have no means to pay,
Starve while the food is thrown away.

There are plenty of clothes for all to wear,
We think there may be some to spare,
But many a man is chilled and froze,
While trying to pay the debts he owes.

The world has plenty of perfect joy,
Each man and woman, girl and boy,
Should upright live, of sin beware,
And for thyself should claim a share.

This world is strewn with blooming flowers,
Kissed by the sun, fed by the showers,
Their sweet perfume is in the air,
That all may breathe who wish or care.

It seems that God has fixed it so,
But why He has we do not know,
The rich have everything at hand,
The poor denied through all the land.

We sometimes wonder 'tis His will,
To empty some and others fill,
But some sweet day we'll understand,
More about His wondrous plan.

We're glad that all find hard to get,
The booze for which their throats to wet,
We're glad that we for all can make 'er,
Easy to buy a Six Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

Sung by the Choir

Holy, holy, holy, sang the choir,
From singing holy seemed to never tire,
We were told it was an anthem grand,
Sung in churches through the land.

Much we've heard of Holy Writ,
But never heard of singing it,
It's what the preacher talks about,
The choir just holy, holy, shout.

When the choir the anthem gave,
Some we heard about it rave,
All that we could understand,
Was holy, holy, holy-land.

Holy, holy, on they sang,
The church with holy, holy, rang,
They kept right on to holy sing,
We thought a change the proper thing.

The tenor holy, holy, holy, said,
Until he seemed as nearly dead,
Then holy, holy, sang the base,
With holiness upon his face.

Soprano had a holy time,
The alto wasn't far behind,
Each had tried their vocal range,
Still, from holy not a change.

Through this anthem that we heard,
But holy not another word,
The song was just a lavish noise,
To fill you with a lot of joys.

They call this music very fine,
Sung by the choir in perfect time,
Here's the music we prefer,
A Studebaker engine's purr.

—*The Car with Character.*

Jack and the Bear

If you have never heard the story before,
And you like a story of blood and gore,
Jack Thurman will tell you about the bear,
And how he escaped by just a hair.

Jack is our hunter, expert with a gun,
It is how he gets the most of his fun,
His yarn of the bear is very queer,
But Jack is a fellow we all revere.

With every telling the fight gets hotter,
The gore and blood now flow like water,
Such danger and daring we've never heard,
But we all believe Jack's every word.

We've heard by mouth and letter and wire,
Tales of fish when told by a liar,
But we would not even think or dare
To doubt the tale of Jack and the bear.

The tale is one of terror and fright,
You can picture the scene an awful sight,
Jack is vivid in his description,
There is not a doubt of his conviction.

Jack is honest and fair and square,
When bones he breaks in that old bear,
You hear his growls and thunder howls,
While Jack is ripping out his bowels.

When round his neck goes Bruin's paws,
Jack breaks his red and ugly jaws,
Fierce and wild the contest grows,
Till Jack has told us all he knows.

Jack has no purpose to you deceive,
His tale he knows you won't believe,
But one he tells he knows you can,
The story of a Six Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

Necessity of Balance

Our friend is spending all his time,
It's costing him his every dime.
He has a curious funny notion,
That he's discovered perpetual motion.

He never rests or takes relax,
He's always reaching the climax
Of making his machine revolve,
Perpetual motion it will solve.

He has a genius for invention,
Imagines it is God's intention,
That he should give to all the world,
The knowledge of perpetual whirl.

He shuts himself up in a cage
To bring it to completed stage,
Hunting for the right solution
To make perpetual revolution.

He's made a plane to fly the air,
A thing that is beyond compare,
All his hopes the thing will rob
When it jumps another cog.

When the plane goes all awry,
He starts to make another try,
He holds perpetual to his notion
He will solve perpetual motion.

Nothing daunts his stubborn will,
To run perpetual every mill.
He has the parts success to make,
If judgment what to undertake.

Men, like machines, with extra talent,
To perfect work must be in balance.
Each to his task on Studebaker,
Gives perfect balance as you can make 'er.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Steering Wheel

You may have your blooded speeding horse,
We have given him up without remorse.
The glory that all the nerves can feel,
Is in a Six Studebaker wheel.

The swift and silent pedal machine,
We once considered no wise mean.
O'er us its magic has ceased to steal,
Since turning a Six Studebaker wheel.

The rushing of racing motor boats,
Our mind no longer on them dotes.
Flying through water has not the appeal,
Of a Six Studebaker steering wheel.

There is joy in a limited fast express,
If a first class ticket you possess.
But you'll better enjoy an evening meal,
From holding a Six Studebaker wheel.

Give us the still California night,
When the moon is full and shining bright.
Then life to us is never so real,
If turning a Six Studebaker wheel.

With miles of road like polished floor,
At sixty per and sometimes more,
We glide with ease mid laughters peal,
Safe at a Six Studebaker wheel.

Like a panther leaping through the air,
With plenty of power and some to spare,
For a Six Studebaker more of zeal,
You'll have when once you turn the wheel.

We'll warrant your mind will quickly fill
With thoughts for a Six so full of thrill.
To drive the ideal Six Automobile,
Get back of a Six Studebaker wheel.

—The Car with Character.

Daniel's Cure

There lived a man named Daniel Quayle,
Who never missed a bargain sale.
Many things he'd buy and keep,
Just because he bought 'em cheap.

One day when strolling through the town,
He saw some books with prices down.
He bought a family doctor book,
And through the thing he'd often look.

Dan was healthy, big and strong,
But he hadn't owned it very long,
Till symptoms in the book described,
He had them all he did decide.

In long and learned dissertations,
It told diseases indications,
A sick man made of Daniel Quayle,
This doctor book of bargain sale.

Daniel's mind was ill at ease,
He took most every known disease.
He had a store of imagination,
For every symptom of creation.

Dan felt his breath was coming quick,
A symptom he was very sick,
And when his head began to pain,
'Twas symptom of congested brain.

He called the doctors all around,
The only symptom they had found,
They said to Mr. Daniel Quayle,
Was weakness for a bargain sale.

So Daniel learned that nothing's cheap,
If you've no use but just to keep,
The best is cheaper, too, by far,
He bought a Studebaker car.

—The Car with Character.

Living Through the Centuries

If we could measure the earthly span,
Of life by sleepless night of man,
Methuselah's age would seem but short,
Compared with ours 'twould be a snort.

We've lived the centuries in a night,
Done a lot and seen a sight,
We've regulated the universe,
Written a line or two of verse.

What else to do can a fellow seek,
When through the night he can not sleep,
But try to set the world aright,
While he is waiting for the light.

Our work is only well begun,
Just as the clock is striking one,
We reach the time of Adam's day,
Before the hour has passed away.

Before the old clock strikes again,
Noah is building the ark for rain,
The world all over has started anew,
The clock will soon be striking two.

The centuries slowly roll along,
As we review the right and wrong,
Columbus is coming across the sea,
While the clock is striking three.

The civil war is fought and o'er,
The clock has finished striking four,
Pomona is growing, the town's alive,
The clock will soon be striking five.

Then as the sun begins to glitter,
The early birds commence to twitter,
We arise and read the morning papers,
And through the day sell Studebakers.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Madding Crowd

When all alone in a mighty city,
'Mid all the throng no kindly pity,
No friend or foe in a single face,
You're in the earth's most lonesome place.

You watch the crowds that come and go,
Some you feel you'd like to know,
You wonder how each strives to live,
Your thoughts a lonesome feeling give.

You watch them as they pass you by,
Their riddle of life to solve you try,
In turn you study face by face,
More lonesome get while in the place.

The man who has just passed along,
You say with hate his face is strong,
He wears a heavy brow and scowl,
He speaks in tones of angry growl.

Then round a corner just above,
You see a face with signs of love,
He wears a pleasing little smile,
Denoting temper hard to rile.

You feel within you something tell,
This one treats the others well,
There's kindness in his every step,
Such kindness scarce you've ever met.

So in this mass of human soul,
Dwells kindness, love and hate untold,
Yet in all of earth's unbounded space,
A mighty city's the loneliest place.

In nature with no one around,
A lonesome man is rarely found,
Faces greet him in the stars,
Like unto Studebaker Cars.

—The Car with Character.

The Church's Call

How sweet the call on Sunday morn,
To all who have again been born,
The call of churches everywhere,
As soft as song as pure as prayer,
Their language like a golden chime,
We'll put it here in simple rhyme.

A church not built on shifting sands,
Nor emblem of one built with hands,
Its forms and rights we all revere,
Its call says come and worship here,
In faith and rituals none excel,
With an Episcopalian all is well.

No creed yet made by mortal man,
Can change God's one eternal plan,
God is God, there is nothing new,
Its call to all, embrace the true,
The Church of Christ to you will tell,
The Word of God to heed it well.

Though faith alone in Christ can save,
The Baptist plunge beneath the wave,
When you into the church would come,
Its call says this thing must be done,
Its what the Sacred Scriptures say,
Obey and you may join today.

Presbyterian invoking not avenging rod,
Calls come and learn the way to God,
In touching tones the chorus swells,
Say to the world your glad farewells.

You'll always find salvation free,
All weary wanderers come and see,
You'll hear the Methodist joyfully shout,
Repent, believe and face about.

.....
Each have their route to reach their Maker,
But all go to church in a Studebaker.

—*The Car with Character.*

What Size is Your Hat

This world has places in numbers to fill,
Some, much is required, some, little of skill,
Some men are stupid, some of them wise,
To fill the world's jobs of varying size.

You may be able or terribly dull,
It all depends on what's in your skull,
Tackle the job you know you can do,
Do not give up but stay with it through.

Some things there are that you should not try,
For struggle you might until you would die,
If the job is too big for the size of your brain,
Your labor will all be given in vain.

A job that for you is an impossible feat,
Means that in time you'll make a retreat,
You may uselessly struggle until you are gray,
If you tackle a job not suited your way.

Unless you can put more brains in your head,
Let the impossible fall to others instead,
There is one particular place you can fill,
Where you can succeed if you work with a will.

Make up your mind to be fully resigned,
To the tasks for which you were surely designed,
If you are but wise you will understand,
There is need of the ranks and need of command.

This world has many irrational men,
Who struggle to reach an impossible end,
Success for them they would surely attain,
If they tackled a job the size of their brain.

By a power that is far greater than you,
Brains are fashioned all work to do,
It's the varying size of the head of each man,
That perfected the Six Studebaker Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

Liver Complaint

When you feel out o' sorts and kind o' blue,
Nothing goes right, nothing suits you,
Skies seem dark and cloud your sight,
Although the day is fair and bright,
It must be your liver is moving slow,
Ask Dr. Newcomer if it isn't so!

When eyes are affected, you fail to see
Beauty over the land and on the sea,
When hearing is bad, you can't understand,
Why songs you are missing of promise grand,
If your trouble you really want to know,
Dr. Kelly will say your liver is slow!

Your case is not one that is very rare,
It's a popular thing that's in the air,
It is not contagious we must confess,
There are thousands who have it more or less,
Ask Dr. Swindt if it is not so,
It is only their livers are moving slow!

It yields to treatment simple and sure,
That is inexpensive, not hard to endure,
Follow your doctors every direction,
You'll soon get rid of the ugly infection,
If only to Dr. Burns you will go,
He will stop your liver from moving slow!

These doctors all, make no mistake,
Some cheerful thinking you should take,
Add a goodly amount of contentment oil,
And mix with it some good honest toil,
If your liver continues in moving slow,
Studebaker, we know, will make it go!

—*The Car with Character.*

A friend of ours once made a will
To which he fixed a codicil.
In that, he said, dear undertaker,
Ride me in a Studebaker

Crazy and Knew It

Two peculiar maids there used to be,
They never could on things agree,
Both greatly enjoyed a lively fuss.
We know! They used to work for us.

Each had a weight upon her mind,
That she would frequently unwind,
Or else her brain was sure to bust.
We know! They used to work for us.

One was crazy about the men,
Was jilted 'fore she was a hen,
She always called him Handsome Gus.
We know! She used to work for us.

She said she knew she wasn't right,
Her thoughts of him would make her fight,
Then she'd start to swear and cuss.
We know! She used to work for us.

The other was crazy just the same,
Too much religion on the brain,
Can't you see what made 'em fuss?
We know! They used to work for us.

When she would see Him standing near,
To reach Him tables she would clear,
Then she'd kick up clouds of dust.
We know! She used to work for us.

One was crazy and she knew it,
The other would never own up to it,
One went to a madhouse with a sob,
The other looked for another job.

Many are crazy more or less,
But few there are who will confess.
Many have minds as bright as stars.
We know! They're buying Studebaker cars.

—The Car with Character.

His Inheritance

We all remember Cunningham,
Who grew to be a feeble man,
And called aside his only son,
When his earthly race was run.

The old man said when he was gone,
'Twas for his son to carry on,
He was strong and young in years,
To struggle through the hopes and fears.

"Things right along are getting worse,
Throughout the bloomin' universe,"
He said, "I've tried what I could do,
Now I will give it up to you."

"The world no longer sees the light,
Regulate and make it right,
Since Adam made that awful break,
The rest has been a sad mistake."

"The whole thing's badly out of gear,
From everything we daily hear,
We soon will have to call the roll,
From virtue's paths so many stroll."

"You are just the proper man,
Improve on Nature's sorry plan,
Spend the rest of your natural life,
In Pomona returning man to wife."

"See what you can also do,
West Second Street to put it through,
You might as well first undertake,
To abolish Garey's crossing gate."

"If you can fix the old world right,
Your name will never fade from sight,
'Twill shine like heavens brightest stars,
Be known to all like Studebaker cars."

—*The Car with Character.*

Beauty's Power

The beauty of the world is but skin deep,
To him who only the surface will seek,
But beauty is truly as beauty does,
Heightened by goodness, devotion and love.

Beauty draws us on by a single hair,
An enchanting face 'tis well to beware,
When beauty pleads for a thing to be done,
Resistance yields, its stricken dumb.

A man in years may be young or old,
Beauty provokes him sooner than gold,
Miracles, beauty can greatly inspire,
Or become a tyranny quick to tire.

For a mirror beauty does ever cry,
For the choicest of all, an admiring eye,
It puts the bodily charms to the test,
Because the soul is seen with the rest.

A beautiful girl is above all rank,
But alone on beauty you cannot bank,
Beauty often vanishes into the past,
Virtue will ever endure to the last.

A beautiful woman is, indeed, a jewel,
She may be just a little bit cruel,
A woman that's good is a perfect treasure,
Though beauty she fails in fullest measure.

The beauty that is most pleasing to Him,
Is beauty He finds when looking within,
The boasted beauty that's only skin deep,
You have no guaranty you will keep.

The beauty that never grows any less,
Is beauty a picture cannot express,
A choice bit of beauty that's pleasing to man,
Is a Six Studebaker Big Sedan.

—The Car with Character.

The Parlor of Years Gone

Some customs of the past we claim,
We'd like to see them come again,
But one that we can do without,
We trust will never come about.

Our home was one like all the rest,
There was a room we did detest,
'Twas silent, dark and full of gloom,
Known as the sacred parlor room.

The folks would keep it furnished fair,
Upholstered all in black mohair,
Closed to members of the home,
'Twas like an ancient catacomb.

'Twas filled with close and mouldy air,
None but guests admitted there,
No childish feet went through its door,
No toys allowed upon its floor.

Not once was raised the quarantine,
The parlor must be neat and clean,
Drawn was every window shade,
'Twas homage to the custom paid.

We always viewed with some alarm,
A call from some adjoining farm,
When the doors were opened wide,
It seemed as if someone had died.

If we were called some folks to greet,
Our face went pallid like a sheet,
When they would smile on us or grin,
It gave us feelings queer within.

For parlors we were never strong,
From homes they are forever gone,
Make every room as bright as you can,
Cheery, like a Six Studebaker Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

The Root of Evil

The root of evil is the love of money,
For the golden fruits of milk and honey,
It works like poison into the soul,
When you worship the god of yellow gold.

It fills with avarice the biggest heart,
Till other passions all depart,
Never satisfied nor yet appeased,
Till soul and heart's with greed diseased.

Man enslaved to the wheels of gain,
By the welded links of an avarice chain,
But suffers from want of the coveted thing,
With avarice demanding everything.

The avaricious man is unbenign,
To himself he is the most unkind,
No vice will he carry to such extreme,
As avarice, the miser's sweetest dream.

Wealth must, indeed, be very great,
That avarice working early and late,
When supplemented and aided by power,
That it cannot exhaust in an evil hour.

When Mammon rules the heart and mind,
Seek not, for God, you'll never find,
The miser his mind does but employ,
For gaining riches he'll never enjoy.

Avarice cares neither for food or dress,
Its possessor will live on less and less,
To fatten those who after him come,
But waiting until his life is done.

We falsely call our gain our own,
We are but stewards till going home,
Only our deeds we can carry away,
With a Six Studebaker do one today.

—*The Car with Character*

Only a Child

Years before we grew to be a man,
Our childish mind could never understand,
What made the day, what made the night,
Where was the sun when out of sight.

At evening we would see it last,
Out in the west and sinking fast,
When it would start to shine again,
Why in the east was never plain.

We never could quite reason why,
The moon would stay up in the sky,
Or why on every side around,
The sky came down to meet the ground.

How rainbow would its colors blend,
Our mind refused to comprehend,
For His sign up in the sky,
He placed it there we wondered why.

We often heard some folks contend,
A pot of gold was at the end,
Our childish mind would then declare,
If that were true why leave it there.

We were told the constellations,
Were all a part of His creations,
But when a child in years but three,
We couldn't know how that could be.

Now that we have grown to man,
These things we better understand,
Yet still a child in the sight of Him,
The things beyond to us are dim.

But all in His eternal day,
If we but only find the way,
We'll just as fully understand,
As now we do the Six Sedan.

The Car with Character.

The Two Roads

Two roads run through life's earthly span,
The one of choice is traveled by every man,
One leads to the port of restless men,
One straight to the harbor of safe depend.

One winds through labyrinth of recoil,
The other through days of honest toil,
One is beset with doubt and dread,
The other is strewn with daily bread.

One goes through a cheerless sombre land,
The other is bounded by grit and sand,
One leads to scantiness when you're old,
The other to warmth of dress from cold.

The left will lead you through lazy lanes,
The right you take to ambitious gains,
The left is lined with houses to rent,
The right has a home that for you is meant.

Take not the road that winds through sleep,
Your gains take flight and none you keep,
The road to the right if you choose and abide,
Your savings are safely kept by your side.

Travel the road where pleasure beguiles,
You're going away from satisfied smiles,
The one with purpose and dominant will,
Takes you close by the accomplishment mill.

The road on the left may gambol along,
But the way is weak and not to the strong,
The right may be hard, be on your guard,
Things in your way can only retard.

Choosing the right brings many of gains,
Comfort and home where happiness reigns,
If blessed with family of girls and boys,
Studebaker, only, can add to your joys.

—The Car with Character.

James H. Studebaker

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Fortitude for Adversity

Were it not for troubles, the hand of fate,
We'd get to standing too proud and straight.
Therefore it is better to have the diversity,
Of now and then a little adversity.

Few men there are of perfect poise,
Success quite often them destroys.
Where one will safely stand prosperity,
A hundred others will rise through adversity.

'Tis said there is good in everything,
And while misfortune has its sting,
Dormant talents aroused by necessity,
Are proofs of the uses of adversity.

When Jack Frost nips the golden fruit,
When prices are low, the market's ker-fluke,
Don't think your orchard is one of perversity,
You are only having a little adversity.

When the gophers kill a few of your trees,
You lose some more from gum disease,
Fruit drops in June from heat of intensity,
Just charge it up to a run of adversity.

When ways are changed for making the grade,
You get a raw deal on fruit you've made,
Then you will know of a moral certainty,
You're handed a goodly amount of adversity.

When electric winds destruction blows,
Floods wash the ground between the rows,
When scale and spider show activity,
You are in for grief and more adversity.

You have water a plenty and some to sell,
The season is dry and fails your well.
In a Six Studebaker there is real security,
From a citrus grower's sweet adversity.

—*The Car with Character.*

Given for All

God gave His Word Divine to man,
Not just to one selected clan.
To every creature in every clime,
Has uttered it through the years of time.

Not alone to some old patriarch,
Does He the truth to him impart.
'Tis not for you as right divine,
To judge another by your own mind.

There is not on earth a human sage,
Who alone can claim a sacred page.
He gave His Word all men to read,
And be their guide how they should feed.

God's voice is in each floating breeze,
For each to read it as he sees.
His voice in rolling thunder clear,
That everyone who will may hear.

He speaks His message in the streams,
He puts it in the morning beams.
For every living human's need,
His word is found in Nature's creed.

We feel His presence very near,
We hear His voice say do not fear.
In every rock, in every hill,
He tells us how to do His will.

When narrow men claim they alone,
Have all the truth sent from His throne,
They are farther from the fount of grace,
Than some who worship Him in space.

Wear not the cloak of the pharisee,
Grant to others the truth they see,
God sends His Word on all to fall,
A Studebaker model is built for all.

—*The Car with Character.*

Your Life Sweep

What is your life in the on-rushing sweep,
He has given to you in trust to keep?
You know not the hour nor the minute of time,
You'll be required to surrender its line.

Is it tossed about on the great human sea,
On the crest of its waves rolling eternally,
A toy to always around be passed,
Then tosses aside by the great human mass?

Is it riding as drift from crest to crest,
Disturbed and troubled finding no rest?
Are you gliding by the headlands' light,
Pointing the way to opportunities bright?

Are you drenched by sweep of human tide,
Caught in life's eddies and whirled aside?
From north to south, from east to west,
Are you finding life an idle jest?

Have you sounded the depth of your life stream,
For obstructions narrow, small and mean?
Do you pilot your way by the compass of courage,
Or down the stream are you drifting discouraged?

In the marching ranks of earth's human souls,
Are you out of step as onward it rolls?
To the tune of the beating of human heart,
Does your own a discord only impart?

Have you ever considered that after all,
Your life in itself is exceedingly small?
It is given to you to make it expand,
Keep it in step with your fellow-man.

Keep your eyes fixed on the Savior of men,
'Twill help you to make each turn and bend.
Strength of character is built in a man,
Studebaker is building it in the Sedan.

—*The Car with Character.*

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